

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 15, 1921.

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TAKING A STIFF FENCE: THE PRINCE OF WALES HUNTING WITH THE HOUSEHOLD BRIGADE DRAG HOUNDS.

The Prince of Wales has been hunting regularly this winter, and may always be trusted to take a day whenever his duties will allow him to do so. He is a fine horseman, and goes splendidly across country. Our photograph shows him taking a stiff fence when out with the Household Brigade Drag Hounds. The

meet was at Shottesbrook Park, where the Prince was received by Major G. H. Loder, M.C., second in command of the 2nd Scots Guards. H.R.H. motored down from London to the Victoria Barracks, Windsor, where he lunched with the officers of the 2nd Batt. Scots Guards.

PHOTOGRAPH BY S. AND G.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

IN looking at the dark splendours of the old Spanish pictures lately exhibited in London, most of us must have been moved with feelings or fancies about the past and future of Spain. Some rather old-fashioned people would read in these grim symbols of her past the moral that she had no future. But to explain that dark spirit in terms of decadence is bad history. The Spaniards always had that more mournful note long before they had any failures to mourn. Their pictures were black when their prospects were bright. Even when their purple was not the purple of Lent, but the purple of Empire, it was a very dark purple. And the sombre and rather sinister strength that was behind it is behind it still. It is disguised by our frivolous fashion of talking of all the South as a sort of playground. But in truth, the South is full of peasants; and they are by no means stage peasants. Peasants may merely dance and drink in a ballet at the Alhambra; but there is also another Alhambra, situated in a somewhat different district. The very scene of it is a battle-field, and the very name of it is a battle-cry. It is the monument of the mightiest effort ever made by our European race to overthrow a non-European power imposed on it. We have seen the retreat of the Turks; we may see the return of the Spaniards.

It was only comparatively lately that every Latin in our lighter literature was represented as decadent and deceitful; and, indeed, in one sense Latins are deceitful. They are always deceiving us into thinking they are decadent. They have a reserve of vitality which is actually hidden by vivacity. There is always a vineyard on the volcano. The silly legend of Latin decay was not entirely due to the sillier legend of Teuton superiority. It was also due to a certain irony or subtlety in the attitude of the Latins themselves.

Thus, for instance, D'Annunzio was a decadent; a decadent who did not decay. The report of his death was much exaggerated. But in a sense it was he who spread the reports. Most of what he said was morbid, languid, and deliquescent; it was what he did that was vigorous, virile, and militant. After exhibiting himself for half a lifetime as a broken lily, he suddenly brandished himself as a big stick. When he was a young poet and lover he was supposed to be a sort of corpse dug up from the Dead City. Now that he is an elderly gentleman with a bald head he has filled a living city with youthful antics that would wake the dead. After wailing so long like a pessimistic ghost, he began abruptly to bellow like an optimistic ogre. It was astonishing that he who had been classed with the old, pallid, æsthetic consumptive should reveal himself as having such lungs. It is no wonder that simpler people in the North are puzzled by such a type, and feel vaguely as if he had cheated them. They feel as if he had imposed on the world with a sham funeral. And, indeed, each of his earlier books might be called a formal and yet fantastic funeral. But this only accentuated the amazing awakening,

when the corpse kicked the coffin to pieces and began to knock the mutes and mourners about the head.

It is true that D'Annunzio had always mixed with the nonsense of Schopenhauer a little of the nonsense of Nietzsche. It is true that there has been a strain of violence and cruelty in his decadence. But for practical purposes Nietzsche was quite as negative as Schopenhauer. The optimist Nietzsche would have no more interested himself in the practical politics of Fiume than the pessimist Schopenhauer. The militarist Nietzsche would no more have drawn the sword against the Jugo-Slavs than the pacifist Tolstoi. It is in this last phase of action that the Latin transforms himself and surprises his contemporaries. It is this belated and disproportionate decision that distinguishes the disguised man of action from the mere philosophers of action. D'Annunzio, like the Parisian æsthete, has languidly written

theatrical gloom of Salvator Rosa. I have compared the earlier triumph of D'Annunzio to a funeral; but the masterpieces of the Spaniards seem to be parts of a funeral far less lively and varied.

Nevertheless, I fancy we shall find the same truth in the future, touching the Latin irony and the Latin surprise. As it was partly an Italian pose that made people think Italy useless, so it was partly a Spanish pose that made people think Spain hopeless. Great Spain, robed in black and purple, seemed to be mourning over her own fall before it came. Great Italy, clad in flowers and ribbons, seemed to be refusing to believe that her own greatness could be coming, even when it had come. But, in the long run, I fancy that the northern prejudice will find itself wrong about the Spanish funeral, as it has found itself wrong about the Italian carnival. The whole of the northern notion that Spain could

not revive was part of the philosophy that found it impossible that Italy should revive, or that Poland should revive, or even that France should revive. It was part of a dull materialism of the 'eighties and the 'nineties, which has since been falsified in almost every other particular. It was the philosophy of Lord Salisbury when he dismissed the claims of Spain by distinguishing between what he called the living and the dying nations. Since he spoke, nearly all his dying nations have come uproariously to life; and nearly all his living nations are dead.

It is certain that the Spaniard still has what may emphatically be called the root of the matter in him. It is almost literally true that these older countries have re-

mained like an orchard full of roots, while too many of the modern countries have become merely a market full of fruits. It is by no means self-evident that the apple-tree will prematurely perish before the apple-stall. It is quite certain that the apple-stall will ultimately perish without the apple-tree. The enormous commercial power of Prussia, which seemed the most modern thing in modern history, is already ancient history. Romantic names like Poland and Bohemia, that were regarded as things of the past, may yet be the most dominant and even menacing things of the future. Sooner or later, for all we know, events may turn Shakespeare's blunder into a prophecy. There may come a demand for a port for Czecho-Slovakia, to realise the romantic delusion of the sea-coast of Bohemia. The same recurrent destiny of dreams come true may yet give a very different meaning to the phrase about a castle in Spain. It may tower up again with very solid turrets and battlements, and anything but a castle in the air. It may recall the days when a whole country not only bore the cognisance but the name of a castle, and bring back alive out of the ages the greatness and glory of Castile. Whether this will be so no man knows; but he who thinks it impossible is deaf, and has not heard what trumpet was blown over the dead; nor does he know in what a day of resurrection he is living.



A RUSSIAN 1000-ROUBLE NOTE AS PROPAGANDA: PAPER MONEY WITH "WORKERS OF THE WORLD, UNITE" PRINTED ON ITS FACE IN NINE LANGUAGES.

Some time ago, Mr. G. Doyle drew the attention of the Premier to the fact that the Russian 1000-rouble note, the currency of the Soviet Government, and then worth about ninepence, was being used for propaganda purposes, having printed on its face, in nine languages, "Workers of the World, Unite." Our reproduction does not give the note its actual size.—[By Courtesy of the "Morning Post."]

letters in fancy inks of all the colours of the rainbow; and then added a postscript written in blood. Not merely in other people's blood, like a superman; but in his own blood, like a soldier. And, as Mr. J. C. Squire has pointed out in an admirable article on D'Annunzio, he has shown this boyish and brutal energy at an age when Nietzsche, the northern superman, was an invalid with softening of the brain.

That is what I mean by the surprises that the Latin irony has always in reserve for us. We have already seen it in the case of Italy; and we may yet see it in the case of Spain. Age after age Italy has been treated as a desert of decadence, a "geographical expression" only expressing itself in confectionery and florid music. Age after age it has given to Europe merely ornamental figures so unpractical and negligible as Christopher Columbus and Napoleon Bonaparte. Though the whole earth shook under the feet of Italians, Italians were still spoken of as if they were dancers tripping in a ballet, not to say monkeys dancing to an organ. The case of Spain is different in some degree, because the Spanish genius has been naturally prone to accentuate the element of pessimism in the pose of decadence. Velazquez and Goya had something much more naturally sombre about them than the more

TYLTYL IN SEARCH OF A BRIDE: THE "BLUE BIRD" SEQUEL.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I.



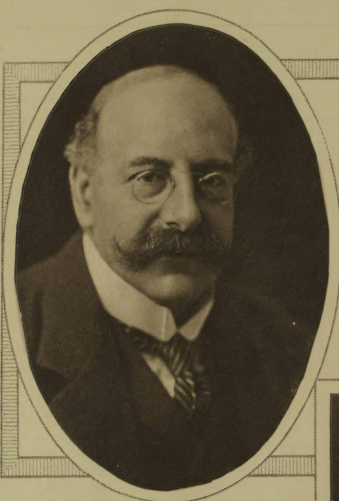
LED BY A CUBIST "DESTINY," AND SHADOWED BY A MYSTERIOUS VEILED FIGURE: TYLTYL DEPARTING ON HIS QUEST FOR A BRIDE, IN M. MAETERLINCK'S NEW PLAY, "THE BETROTHAL," AT THE GAIETY THEATRE.

Tyltyl, unlike Peter Pan, has grown up. Having arrived at years of romance, if not of discretion—being, that is, sixteen—he is deemed to require a mate, and must seek that only maiden destined for him, as for every lover, according to the Maeterlinckian doctrine. Destiny, a gigantic Cubist figure, leads him off to start upon his quest, accompanied by a bevy of girls, potential brides, and a mysterious veiled figure who ultimately proves to be she whom he is seeking, namely, Joy. Our drawing shows the opening scene at the Woodcutter's cottage, one side of which has fallen magically away, revealing a moonlit sky. On the left is Miss Gladys

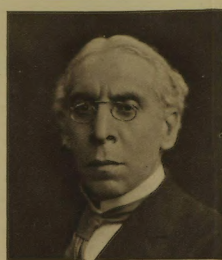
Cooper, who, as Joy, the bride, remains veiled and silent for the greater part of the play. The other figures (from left to right) are: Mr. Ivan Berlyn as Destiny; Miss Nora Swinburne as Roselle, the Innkeeper's daughter; Mr. Bobbie Andrews as Tyltyl; and Miss Winifred Emery as Fairy Berylune. "The Betrothal" owes its charm largely to the scenery and costumes designed by Mr. Charles Ricketts, the ballet by M. Novikoff, the music of Mr. Armstrong Gibbs, and the work of Mr. Granville Barker as producer. The play is, of course, a sequel to "The Blue Bird."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

THE JEW IN PUBLIC LIFE: PROMINENT MEN IN POLITICS, COMMERCE, WAR, SCIENCE, LITERATURE, ART, AND MUSIC.

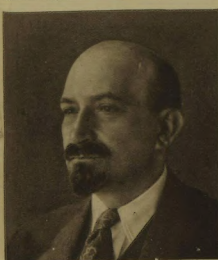
PHOTOGRAPHS BY RUSSELL, VANDYK, ELLIOTT AND FOWNE, LAFAYETTE, AND J. PALMER CLARK.



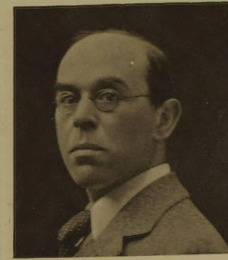
SIR PHILIP SASSOON, BT., M.P., SECRETARY TO THE PRIME MINISTER.



MR ISRAEL ZANGWILL, THE WELL-KNOWN NOVELIST AND PLAYWRIGHT.



DR. CHARLES WEIZMAN, LEADER OF THE ZIONIST MOVEMENT.



MR. WILLIAM ROTHENSTEIN, THE WELL-KNOWN PORTRAIT-PAINTER.

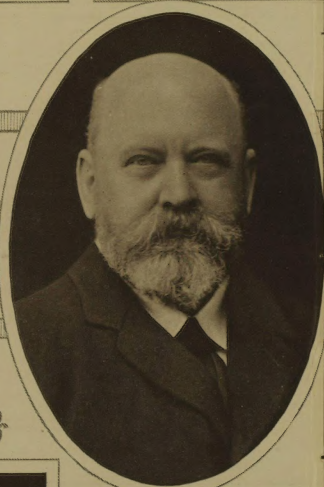


SIR HERBERT SAMUEL, P.C., BRITISH HIGH COMMISSIONER IN PALESTINE.

SIR ALFRED MOND, BT., M.P., FIRST COMMISSIONER OF WORKS.



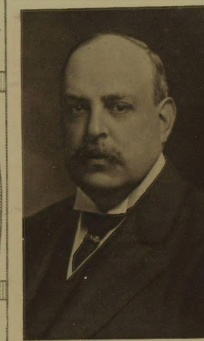
MR SOLOMON J. SOLOMON, R.A., THE FAMOUS PAINTER.



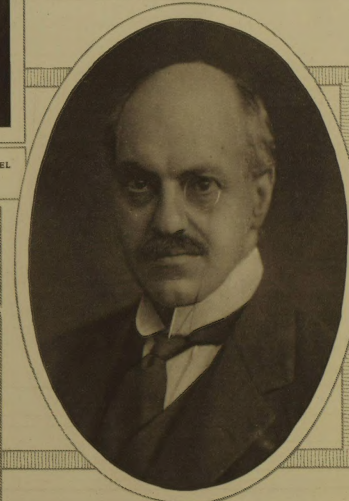
LORD ROTHSCHILD, SECOND BARON, THE EMINENT ZOOLOGIST.



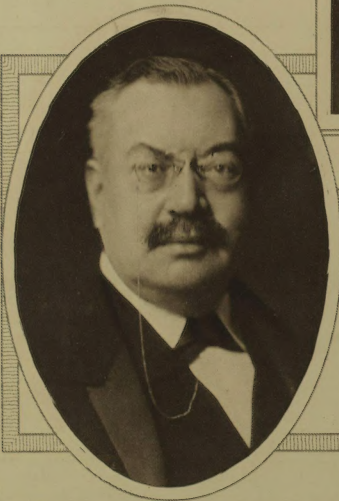
LT.-GEN. SIR JOHN MONASH, COMMANDER OF THE AUSTRALIAN ARMY CORPS, 1918.



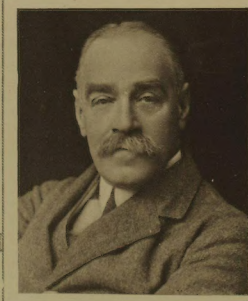
LORD SWAYTHLING, HEAD OF SAMUEL MONTAGU AND CO., BANKERS.



MR. E. S. MONTAGU, P.C., M.P., SECRETARY OF STATE FOR INDIA.



SIR MARCUS SAMUEL, BT., OIL MAGNATE, AND EX-LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.



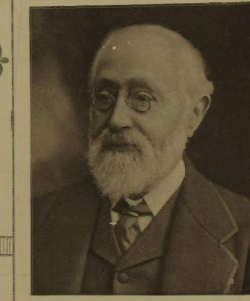
LT.-COL. SIR MATTHEW NATHAN, P.C., GOVERNOR OF QUEENSLAND.



MR. LANDON RONALD, THE WELL-KNOWN MUSICIAN AND CONDUCTOR.



SIR FREDERIC H. COWEN, THE DISTINGUISHED MUSICAL COMPOSER AND CONDUCTOR.



SIR PHILIP MAGNUS, BT., M.P. FOR LONDON UNIVERSITY, A LEADING EDUCATIONIST.

The appointment of Lord Reading (whose portrait appears on another page) to be Viceroy of India, the greatest office under the Crown outside this kingdom, draws attention to the great part now played by the Jewish race, as represented by its distinguished men, in all departments of public affairs in the British Empire. In connection with Lord Reading's new post, we recall that it was another great Jew, Disraeli, who in 1877 proclaimed Queen Victoria as Empress of India, and so established the present status of that country. The whole career of Disraeli profoundly affected the position of Jews in this country, and enhanced their prestige. It was, however, a culmination of previous efforts. In 1753 a Jewish Naturalisation Bill was passed, but was repealed in the next year. In 1833 began a series of further Bills to remove Jewish disabilities.

but the House of Lords rejected them. Eventually, in 1858, a compromise was effected by which Baron de Rothschild, who had been elected for the City of London, was allowed to sit in Parliament, and in 1860 the Parliamentary oath for both Houses was amended in favour of Jews. Since that time, as this selection of portraits sufficiently shows, members of this remarkable race have come to the front in every walk of life, not only in politics and statesmanship, but in commerce, finance, philanthropy and education, literature, painting, music, science, and last, though not least, in war. The renaissance of Palestine under the British mandate and the Zionist movement has been one of the most noteworthy events that have followed the signing of peace.

SINN FEIN'S "PRESIDENT"; HIS WIFE; AND ENVOY TO THE PREMIER.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY TOPICAL, KEYSTONE VIEW CO., AND INTERNATIONAL FILM SERVICE.



REPORTED TO HAVE PRESIDED OVER THE SINN FEIN PARLIAMENT IN IRELAND BEFORE CHRISTMAS: MR. DE VALERA.



MR. DE VALERA'S EMISSARY WHO RECENTLY MET MR. LLOYD GEORGE AND SIR HAMAR GREENWOOD: FATHER O'FLANAGAN.



THE SINN FEIN LEADER WITH WHOM THE PREMIER WAS SAID TO BE READY TO TREAT: MR. DE VALERA IN NEW YORK.



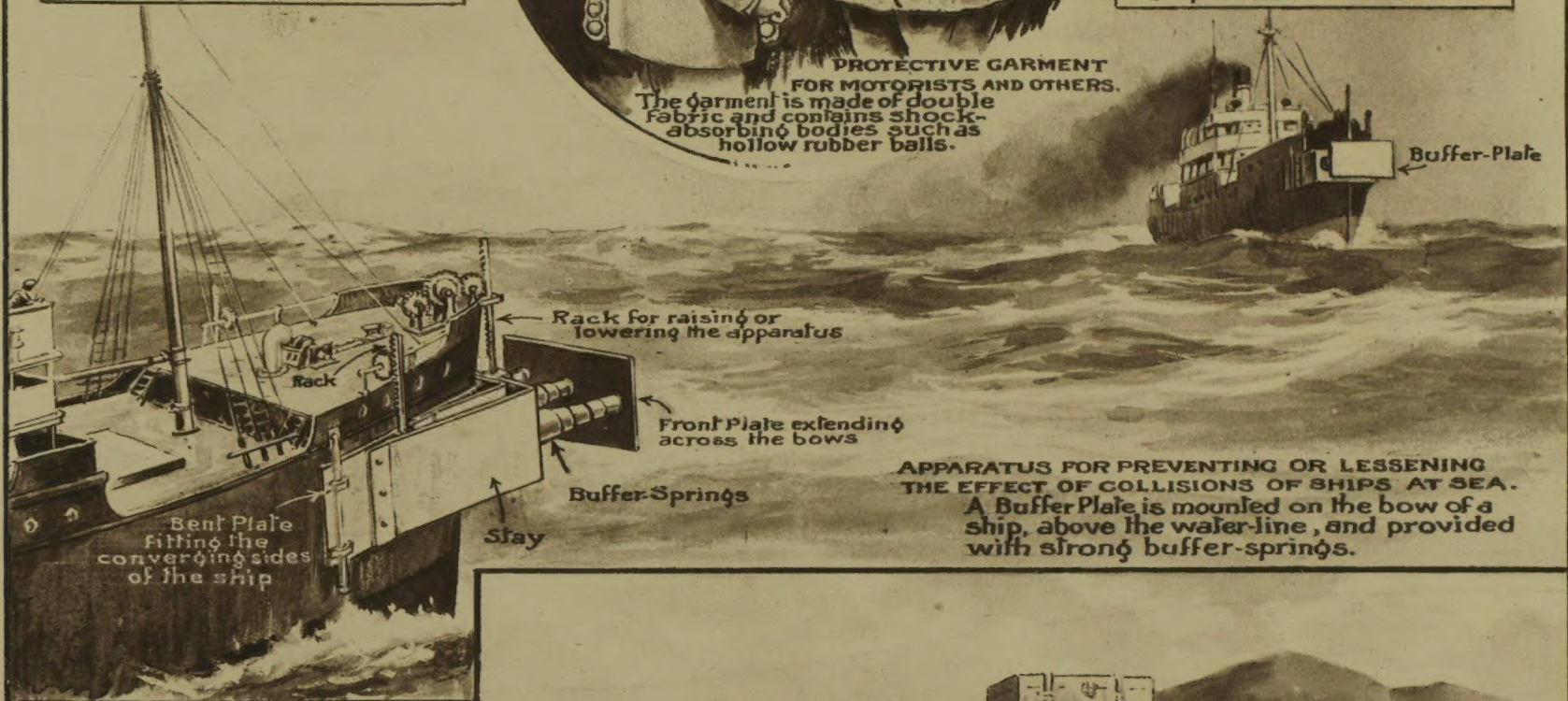
RECENTLY INTERVIEWED IN DUBLIN: MRS. DE VALERA, WIFE OF THE SINN FEIN "PRESIDENT."

Much rumour has been floating about lately regarding the reported return of Mr. De Valera from America to Ireland, and the possibility of a meeting between him and the Premier with a view to an Irish settlement. It was reported that Mr. Lloyd George would be willing to treat with him, and that he would be granted a "safe conduct." On the other hand, an official Sinn Fein note issued in Dublin on January 7 said: "The statements about 'President' De Valera and the views attributed to him in the Irish and English Press are nothing more than speculative guessing. The Irish people will pay no attention to them until they hear from 'President' De Valera directly and officially." Mrs. De Valera,

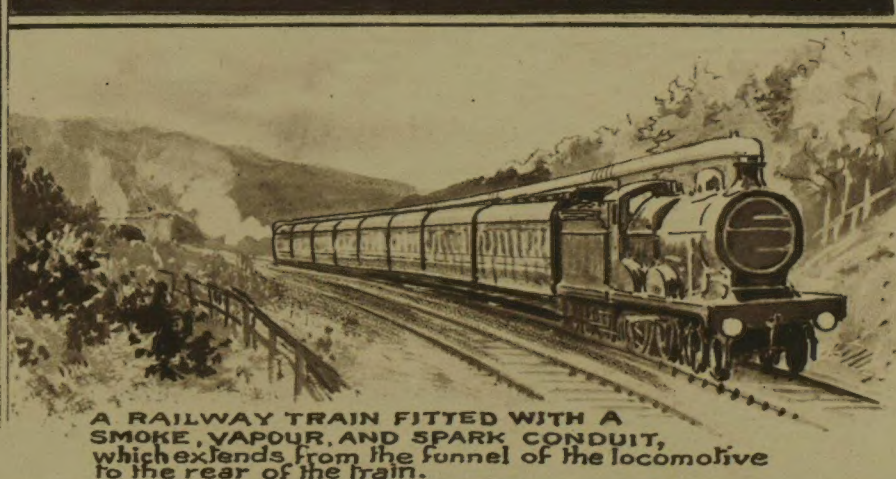
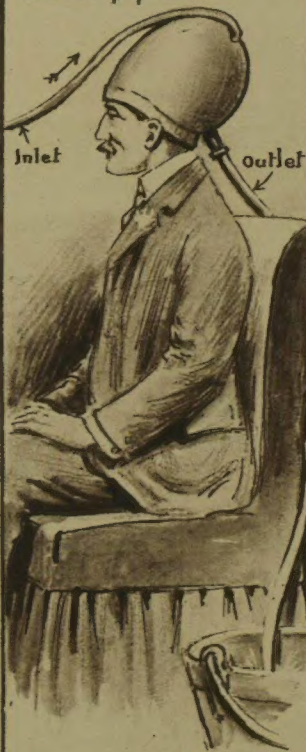
interviewed in Dublin on New Year's Day, said she had been in Ireland for many days. Mr. Tim M'Nulty, of Cambridge, presiding at a meeting of the Irish Vigilance Society in London, said that Mr. De Valera had lost all power with Dail Eireann and might resign. Mr. De Valera came into prominence in 1916. He has a strong personality, but little oratorical gift. Father O'Flanagan, whose telegram to the Premier will be remembered, arrived in London lately as Mr. De Valera's representative, and had a frank discussion with Mr. Lloyd George and Sir Hamar Greenwood, at the Premier's house in Downing Street, on January 6, with a view to Irish peace. He then returned to Ireland.

CURIOSITIES AND INGENUITIES OF THE PATENT OFFICE.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. B. ROBINSON.



ANOTHER HEAD-WASHING APPLIANCE. A Cap fitted to the head with inlet and outlet water pipes.



(a) SUGAR AND CARMINE.

A CARD provided with means for making an impression of the lips of the sender. The substance (a) is pressed to the lips of the sender who then kisses the card to make the impression (b)

MANY INVENTIONS: SERIES IV.—HEAD-WASHING APPLIANCES; A "SHOCK-ABSORBING" COAT; BUFFERS FOR SHIPS; AN AMPHIBIOUS CAR; AN ENGINE SMOKE CONDUIT; "KISS PRINTS."

As this and previous pages of our series have shown, inventors seem to be particularly attracted by problems of locomotion, by land and sea, and, among lesser matters, by the operations of the hairdresser. Of the subjects here illustrated, perhaps the most piquant is the card for taking "kiss prints," which is likely to be popular with lovers. It has been patented, appropriately enough, by Messrs. Valentine. A description of it states: "A post, letter, or like card is provided with means for making an impression of the lips of the sender. The

person presses a card, carrying a piece of cloth or other material covered or impregnated with a coloured substance, such as rouge, to the lips and then kisses the card, leaving the impression shown. Collectors may have albums of such cards, and they may be used for identification purposes. According to the provisional specification, it is suggested that the card may also be found useful for taking thumb prints, and the colouring substance may be protected by a suitable covering."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

THE PREMIER'S NEW OFFICIAL COUNTRY SEAT: A "HOUSE-WARMING."

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY L.N.A. AND TOPICAL.



PRESENTED TO THE NATION BY LORD AND LADY LEE OF FAREHAM AS A COUNTRY RESIDENCE FOR PREMIERS: CHEQUERS, NEAR PRINCES RISBOROUGH.



THE FIRST PREMIER TO OCCUPY CHEQUERS: MR. LLOYD GEORGE, LORD READING, AND MR. DAVIS.



THE PREMIER AND HIS GUESTS: (L. TO R., IN FRONT) SIR R. HORNE, MR. LLOYD GEORGE, SIR H. GREENWOOD, AND MR. DAVIS.



THE PREMIER AND HIS DAUGHTER AT CHEQUERS: MR. LLOYD GEORGE WITH MISS MEGAN LLOYD GEORGE—A GOOD JOKE.



THE NEW VICEROY OF INDIA AT CHEQUERS: LORD READING (RIGHT) WITH THE PREMIER.



"HOUSE-WARMING": (L. TO R., IN FRONT) THE PREMIER, MRS. LLOYD GEORGE, MISS MEGAN LLOYD GEORGE, LORD READING, MR. DAVIS (U.S. AMBASSADOR), MRS. DAVIS, LORD RIDDELL.

Chequers, the beautiful and historic house between Princes Risborough and Wendover, in Buckinghamshire, among the Chiltern Hills, has been presented to the State, in perpetuity, as an official country residence for the Premier, by Lord Lee of Fareham, Minister of Agriculture and Fisheries, and his wife, Lady Lee. They gave a "farewell" dinner party there on Saturday, January 8, when the house was formally handed over to Mr. Lloyd George, the first Premier to take possession. His "house-warming" week-end party included Lord Reading (the

new Viceroy of India, of whom we give a full-page portrait elsewhere in this number), the American Ambassador (Mr. John W. Davis) and Mrs. Davis, Lord Milner, Lord Riddell, Sir Robert Horne, and Sir Hamar and Lady Greenwood. It was a purely social party without any political purpose. In the large group shown above the figures in the back row (from left to right) are—Lady Greenwood, Sir Hamar Greenwood, Lord Lee of Fareham, Lord Milner, and Sir Robert Horne. An endowment fund for upkeep of the house has also been provided.

THE NEW VICEROY OF INDIA: THE "LORD CHIEF" ACCEPTS.

PORTRAIT STUDY BY MARCUS ADAMS.



THE FIRST JEW TO BE APPOINTED TO THE HIGHEST OVERSEA OFFICE UNDER THE CROWN: THE EARL OF READING, LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, AND ERSTWHILE AMBASSADOR TO THE UNITED STATES.

It was announced on January 8 that the Right Hon. the Earl of Reading had been appointed Viceroy and Governor-General of India in succession to Lord Chelmsford, who retires next April. Lord Reading had for a time hesitated to accept the post lest his wife's health should suffer from the Indian climate. He was born in London on October 10, 1860, and his marriage to Alice Edith, daughter of Albert Cohen, took place in 1887. Since October 1913 Lord Reading has been Lord Chief Justice of England, and during the war he did work in

America of immense value to the Allied cause. In 1915 he was President of the Anglo-French Mission to the United States, in 1917 he was Special British Representative there, and in 1918-19 Ambassador-Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary. As Mr. Rufus Isaacs he had a brilliant career at the Bar, becoming a K.C. in 1898, and Solicitor-General, later Attorney-General, in 1910. From 1904 to 1913 he was M.P. for Reading. He was knighted in 1910, created a Baron in 1914, Viscount in 1916, and Earl in 1917.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

By J. T. GREIN.

SPECULATION was rife. There was to be an actor in the Honours List on New Year's Day. Who could it be? Everybody weighed and guessed—and all were wrong, for the elect was far away on the high-seas to conquer a British Dominion for British Art. Then, when we read that a knighthood had been conferred on Mr. Martin Harvey, we tapped our foreheads and said: "Of course! How could we be so stupid

not to think of him?" And we added: "He deserves it." For Martin Harvey, by name, art, and benevolence, appeals to our imagination, and in the provinces he is an idol. He shares with Matheson Lang the mantle of Lewis Waller. He is "the romantic actor"; not to have seen him in "The Only Way" is as clear a want in education as to have missed Waller as Monsieur Beaucaire. And then there is his Hamlet; the romantic Hamlet *par excellence*; the Hamlet young girls dream of, and whom men



THE BREADWINNER OF THE GEOGHEGAN FAMILY: MR. SYDNEY MORGAN AS GEORGE IN "THE WHITE-HEADED BOY," AT THE AMBASSADORS'.

Photograph by Stage Photo. Co.

admire for his rhetorical splendour, his ringing voice—a big voice, raising a small man to command and above the shoulders of his surroundings. Again, there is Martin Harvey the orator: hear him after dinner on his art, and you are carried away by his enthusiasm, his conviction, his aptness of expression—he wafts the spirit of romance. Above all, there is the man, a lovable creature with a big heart, who has devoted endless hours to charity in war-time, and who, night after night when he produced Maeterlinck's "Burgomaster of Stilemonde," harangued the crowds all over England to plead for Belgium, for patriotism, and open-handedness. Thus the knightly honour was bestowed on him for a double cause—for what he has done as an artist and what he has amassed in an altruistic cause. Not since King George touched Frank Benson with the sword in the stage-box of Drury Lane has the theatrical world had such a surprise and such pleasure.

It is late in the day to refer to "The Beggar's Opera," which has confirmed the Lyric Opera House at Hammersmith in public favour, and has given the *coup de grâce* to the obsolete notion of unlucky theatres. There is no such thing as an unlucky theatre—there are only unlucky managers selecting unlucky pieces. Generally, the public appreciates a good thing wherever it is to be found—did we not once upon a time migrate to Camberwell, when Mr. Mulholland made it a font of "new and original" work? Still, the success of "The Beggar's Opera" many months after its debut is remarkable and gratifying, in the patriotic sense of the word. It proves that the nation has an innate love of its folklore in text and music; that there is a treasure-trove in the old play-box of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and—that there is nothing new under the histrionic sun. Half the battle was, of course,

won by Mr. Playfair's production—now adopted by America in a rare union of approval—and by excellent exponents of his choice. The other half, methinks, is due to the *flair* of the public, which in "The Beggar's Opera" not only discovered the origin of musical comedy, but one with a wittier text and ever so much more musical music than is served up now by a round half-dozen of librettists and composers. That Mr. Ranalow's Macheath is a masterly creation need hardly be re-said: he is the d'Artagnan of roguery; nor need we re-sing the praises of Elsie French's delectable Mrs. Peachum, and of Miss Violet Marquesita's sinister charm as Lucy Lockit. But a hearty welcome should be given to the newcomer, Miss Katherine Arkandy, the new Polly, as dainty as a piece of Saxony, as piquant as the most piquant Louis XV. soubrette, who has a voice of very sweet timbre and a schooling of such perfection that she tempts one to name her in the same breath as Miss Maggie Teyte. An evening at the Lyric, Hammersmith, is an experience and a study. The public consists of all sorts and conditions of men and women—all classes foregather here in the most extraordinary mixture of styles, modes and manners—but, from the moment the orchestra begins to the last parade of all the actors concerned, there is a "Stimmung" in the house nowhere else to be found. It is the complete harmony of "Englishness"—the family-feeling which is created by the understanding that this play and this music are truly racial of the soil.

Plans are in the air to endow West London with a Yiddish Theatre. It sounds interesting, but one feels inclined to repeat *Punch's* warning to those about to marry. In New York, which is the focus of Jewry from all countries in the world, it may flourish alongside the German Theatre (recently reopened), the French, and the countless little theatres *à côté*, Guignols of a kind and with a difference; but New York is essentially cosmopolitan, and London, despite the many foreigners in our midst, remains the city of one language. This is not sheer assertion, it is the outcome of actual experience: a French theatre over here may draw full houses for a month, but for a season—it costs money. In the beginning of the century, we had a regular German theatre—it cost money. We had, in war-time, at the Criterion, on sharing-terms (thus practically rent free), a very fine series of fine plays, including Fonson and Wicheler's famous "Kommandatur"—it cost money. Even Réjane, when at the Court, lamented—it cost money; and I am informed, by one who knows, that when Moscovitch was the hero of the Pavilion East, the

end of the story was a *da capo* of the same cry of negative financial success. The truth of the matter is that a Yiddish theatre in Western Europe can only live when it is established on a very small scale, and even then its existence is ephemeral, except in the case of the famous Herrenfeld Theater of Berlin, which manufactured diverting Potash and Perlmutter plays on its own premises, and had a following because the Berliners are nearly all able to understand the vernacular, which, to an average Londoner, sounds more foreign than French and Italian. Even in Amsterdam, with its vast Ghetto, there is no permanent Yiddish theatre; and in Antwerp, where the diamond industry has attracted many of the Chosen, there are two little *boîtes* near the station—"flea-hives" a wag called them, on account of the untidiness of the public—where Yiddish plays are performed in semi-amateur way.



THE WHITE-HEADED BOY'S BRIDE TAKES CARE OF HIS MONEY: MISS NAN FITZGERALD AS DELIA AND MR. ARTHUR SHIELDS AS DENIS GEOGHEGAN.

Photograph by Stage Photo. Co.

Now what would be the prospect in London? At first, curiosity would no doubt fill the stalls and the other high-priced seats, and pit and gallery would, of course, be well patronised by Jewry. But do the promoters of the West-End Yiddish Theatre really believe that in the long run the public would pay considerable prices to hear "Uriel Acosta" by Gutzkow (of which, by the way, Zangwill years ago was to make an adaptation for Sir Herbert Tree), or Lessing's "Nathan der Weise," which, if accessible at all to the English public—a doubtful surmise—would sound far more poetic and dignified in English blank-verse? Of course, there are the "pogrom" plays, very poignant in the days of Tsar-ridden Russia—but pogroms are no longer burning questions, and there is reason to believe that they belong to the past; there are the plays of Jewish humour—"chein" is the word beloved by Israel—but how much of it would be understood by the son of Cockayne and by the new Jewish population which has found refuge in England since the great exodus from the East, and whose parlance differs vastly from the time-honoured Yiddish? No; I fear, well-intentioned as the experiment is, it would be doomed to disappointment; for, granted that the Jews, most of whom are in modest circumstances, would patronise their national enterprise and fill pit and gallery night by night, there is no hope of making two ends meet in these days of exorbitant rents and expenses. The days when theatrical enterprise could live on pit and gallery are past and done with, like many other boons and blessings of a happier world.



DEMANDING THEIR MONEY BACK: (L. TO R.) MISS SARA ALLGOOD AS MRS. GEOGHEGAN, MR. S. MORGAN AS GEORGE, MISS MAIRE O'NEILL AS AUNT ELLEN, AND MR. ARTHUR SINCLAIR AS JOHN DUFFY, IN "THE WHITE-HEADED BOY."

"The White-Headed Boy," which has now been running at the Ambassadors' Theatre since last September, is one of the most amusing comedies in town. The "boy" is Denis Geoghegan, youngest of the family, a mother's darling and a waster. The others rebel, and he is to be packed off to Canada, ostensibly "to a grand position." Thereupon his prospective father-in-law, John Duffy, demands either the immediate marriage of Denis and Delia, or compensation. The Geoghegans give Duffy £320; but meanwhile Denis secretly marries Delia, and eventually gets the money.

Photograph by Stage Photo. Co.

A FAIRY TALE OF SCIENCE FOR THE CHILDREN.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. R. S. STOTT.



EXPLAINING THE ORIGINAL OF THE "MERMAID" MYTH: PROFESSOR J. A. THOMSON BESIEGED BY HIS YOUTHFUL AUDIENCE AFTER ONE OF HIS LECTURES AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTION ON "THE HAUNTS OF LIFE."

This season's scientific lectures for children, arranged by the Royal Institution, are as popular as any of their predecessors. Professor J. A. Thomson, of Aberdeen University, has been delighting his youthful audiences with a series on "The Haunts of Life," dealing in turn with "The School of the Shore," "The Open Sea," "The Great Deep," and "Life in the Fresh Waters." Our drawing shows the scene at the end of the last-named lecture, when the children crowded round the Professor's desk to see his specimens. He is showing them a Manatee,

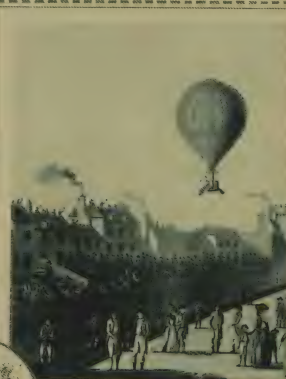
or Sea-Cow, the creature which is supposed to have given rise to the belief in mermaids. Save for its fish-like tail, it has little resemblance to the mermaid of legend. Its redeeming feature, the Professor said, is that it does not cast off its young to fend for themselves in a hard-hearted world, but tucks them under its fore-arm and carries them about. We have arranged to publish digests of Professor Thomson's lectures, written by himself, with illustrations, as we did with Professor Bragg's lectures last year.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

"THE MOST ANCIENT . . . CORPS IN THE BRITISH EMPIRE":

DRAWINGS BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST,



IN NAPOLEONIC TIMES: THE H.A.C. INSPECTED BY LIEUT.-GEN. THE EARL OF HARRINGTON, SEPTEMBER 22, 1803—AN ETCHING BY MITAN FROM A DRAWING BY E. DAVES.



THE FIRST BALLOON ASCENT IN ENGLAND—GROUND AT FINSBURY, SEPTEMBER 18.



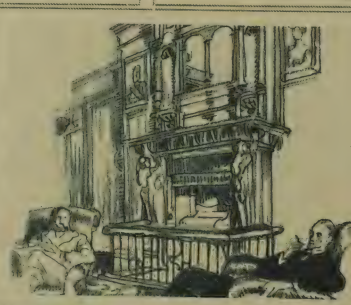
ARMOURY HOUSE, THE H.A.C. HEADQUARTERS: A CORNER OF THE BAR.



ONE OF THE FINEST CLUBS IN THE CITY: ARMOURY HOUSE—THE LOUNGE.



USED BY THE YAGER COMPANY, H.A.C., EARLY NINETEENTH CENTURY: THREE POWDER-HORNS



CLUB COMFORT AT THE H.A.C. HEADQUARTERS: THE SMOKE-ROOM, ARMOURY HOUSE.



OFFICERS' CAPS OF THE GRENADEER PERIOD; (RIGHT)

THE H.A.C. AND ITS HEADQUARTERS, ARMOURY HOUSE.

STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I.



VINCENZO LUNARDI GOING UP FROM THE H.A.C. 1794—A DRAWING BY J. BREWER.



THE H.A.C. IN THE GORDON RIOTS: FIRING ON A MOB LOOTING A HOUSE IN BROAD STREET, JUNE 7, 1780—(RIGHT FOREGROUND) SURGEON SIR WILLIAM BLIZARD TENDING THE INJURED.



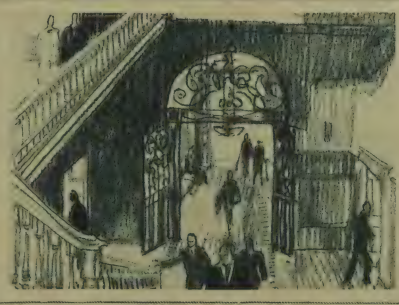
THE CATERING SIDE OF ARMOURY HOUSE: A CORNER OF THE MESS-ROOM.



THE RECREATION SIDE OF ARMOURY HOUSE: THE BILLIARD-ROOM.



COMPANY, H.A.C.: (LEFT) QUEEN ANNE GEORGE I. PERIOD.



THE ENTRANCE TO THE H.A.C. HEADQUARTERS: THE HALL AND STAIRCASE, ARMOURY HOUSE.



RELICS AND ACCOUTREMENTS OF THE H.A.C.: OLD BADGES, MEDALS, AND ORNAMENTS.

The Honourable Artillery Company, generally known as the H.A.C., did splendid work in the late war, thereby living up to its long and glorious record. It forms, in the heart of the City, a rallying-point of patriotic service, highly valuable in view of the need for Territorial recruits, and at the same time provides an excellent centre for healthy exercise, recreation and social amenities. The facilities afforded by its club-house and sports ground at Armoury House, Finsbury, are described in an article on another page of this number. Its older annals are very fully preserved in "The History of the Honourable Artillery Company," by Captain G. A. Raikes. "As the most ancient military body or corps in the British Empire, if not in the world" (he writes in 1878), "this veteran Company has long been famous. . . . The Company has always been entirely distinct from all other military organisations, and, strictly speaking, belongs neither to the Militia, Yeomanry or Volunteers, nor yet to the more ancient Trained Bands. It is the only military body over which Parliament has no control, being entirely self-supporting. . . . The Company was incorporated by Henry VIII., on

August 25, 1537, more than a century before any other British regiment was raised, under the title of the Fraternity or Guild of St. George, and consisted of Archers; but at a very early period of its existence it appears to have adopted the use of Artillery. . . . As far back as the year 1508 (made memorable by the Armada), they had gained a name as experienced soldiers, and were known as the Captains of the Artillery Garden. . . . No regiment can boast of a greater number of distinguished persons than are borne on the roll of this Company. From the time when Charles, Prince of Wales, and James, Duke of York, joined in 1541, the Sovereign or the Prince of Wales has always held the command as Captain-General. . . . The title 'Honourable' first appears in the Company's books in 1685. . . . Probably the most remarkable and interesting occurrence in the history of the Company was the formation, in 1698, of a branch, or second battalion, in America. . . . This corps, the first and oldest of all military bodies in America, continues to flourish as the Ancient and Honourable Artillery Company of Boston, Massachusetts."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

A CENTRE OF SPORT AND PATRIOTISM IN THE CITY: ARMOURY HOUSE, THE H.A.C. HEADQUARTERS.

MOST people who think of the City visualise a scene the outstanding feature of which is solid masses of bricks and mortar. They see towering buildings and dense throngs of moving



A "RUGGER" MATCH AT ARMOURY HOUSE IN AID OF EARL HAIG'S FUND: THE H.A.C. v. BLACKHEATH—JUMPING FOR THE BALL FROM A SHORT LINE-OUT.

Photograph by Sport and General.

citizens. Of course, speaking broadly, they are right. The City is a place of business. Yet there is within the wonderful City of London much to relieve the sombre picture which its bricks and mortar suggest. Behind the Halls of several of the ancient City Guilds are, in the language of the historian, "Faire gardens," and of these the public occasionally get a glimpse. The many little pleasant churchyards are too well known to need more than a passing reference.

But the most extensive of the open grounds still left to the citizens of London is without doubt the six-and-a-half acres of beautiful greensward in the possession of the Honourable Artillery Company. To find in the City six-and-a-half acres of ground, well kept and likely to remain unbuilt on, is surely a matter of considerable interest. It seems little short of marvellous that so much ground could have escaped the despoiling hand of the builder right down the centuries. But such is the case. And it all happens because of the sporting propensities of the English.

What other nation could have saved so large and valuable an extent of ground merely for the purpose of sport?

The story is an interesting one. In old days the citizen of London took great delight in his archery. He used to saunter forth on Sundays and holy days—having first attended Mass, as was the custom of all citizens—to practise; and on certain days there were "Feysts" of shooting for a gold standard (13s. 4d.). The marks for this shooting were set up in various places outside the City, particularly beyond Bishopsgate, and in the fields between Moorgate and Islington. It was not, however, a game to be indulged in without teaching. One of the ranges, for instance, is known to have been 308 yards, and the target only 1 ft. 6 in. in diameter. That meant good shooting, and for good shooting there must be careful and consistent practice; and so we find the Artillery Garden in Bishopsgate, with the Artillery Company or Guild of St. George, for the teaching and better practice of archery. We also find the Kings taking an interest in the matter, and in the fifteenth century sending letters through the Lords of the Privy Council to the Lord Mayor and the Sheriffs, enjoining them to see that the citizens were duly instructed.

Next we hear of the Artillery Company, duly addressed by My Lords of the Council as "Honourable," in dispute with the Master Gunner of the Tower. The said Master Gunner laid claim to the Artillery ground at Bishopsgate as a possession of his office, a contention which the officers of the Artillery garden were unable to tolerate. The dispute ran for a century or so, and, despite the support of the Company by Privy Council and City interests, the Master Gunner seems to have been powerful enough to be troublesome. However, the upshot was a petition from the Honourable Artillery Company to the Lord Mayor and Corporation for a new ground, and

the Corporation being sympathetic—all the Aldermen were members of the Company and Colonels of the Trained Bands—granted the "upper field in Finsbury" to the Guild. That was over 300 years ago, and the Company has been there ever since. It has had to fight occasionally to retain possession, but that is another story, as Kipling would say.

The point is that the "upper field" at Finsbury is still unbuilt on and continues to give the citizen the opportunity of indulging his sporting proclivities. Members drill on a portion of the ground, and parades are held upon it, but mostly those who guide the destinies of this wonderful old Corps encourage the use of it for sport pure and simple. They believe with Wellington that battles are won on the playing-fields. Here, then, on any evening may be seen the wisest of the City's youth indulging in outdoor games. As the seasons change may be seen cricket, football (both Rugby and Association), and hockey. There are two Badminton courts, and a good paved cricket-practice wicket under cover. There is an excellent bathing-tank, while eight hot shower-



HOCKEY AT ARMOURY HOUSE: THE H.A.C. (WINNERS, 7-1) v. THE WAR OFFICE—A RUN BY AN H.A.C. FORWARD.—[Photograph by Sport and General.]

baths are in course of construction. With such facilities, is it wonderful that the H.A.C. teams give a good account of themselves? Fine play can be seen on this centrally-situated field.

But let it not be thought that this is all. Side by side with the sport goes on the "work." After all, is it not sport too? H.A.C. men think so, and we are more than inclined to agree. Cricket or football on the field and gun drill and foot drill on the square go on simultaneously—one helps the other.

So it is that the boy leaving his school turns his thoughts naturally to the H.A.C. Where else can he continue his sports? Where else can he find a "club house" of such proportions or so well adapted to his purpose as is the Armoury House, with its luncheon and dining rooms, its beautiful lounge, or its splendid facilities for making and retaining friends? The Public Schools Elevens, having sent teams to the Armoury House to play against the H.A.C., constantly find themselves pitted against old school-fellows.

At the moment a recruiting campaign is being undertaken by the Territorial Force Association of London. Young citizens might do worse than investigate the possibilities of the H.A.C., for the Corps is not yet up to strength, which in peace time consists of a couple of batteries of Horse Artillery and a battalion of infantry. As to cost, it is nominal. A couple of guineas a year covers the subscription. But on that subject a post-card to the Secretary at the Armoury House will bring all details. Parents, too, would do well to accept the invitation of the Court of Assistants to visit these famous Headquarters, and see for themselves the conditions under which their boys would spend a proportion of their leisure.



"RUGGER" AT ARMOURY HOUSE, FINSBURY: THE H.A.C. v. STREATHAM—A STRUGGLE FOR THE BALL IN FRONT OF GOAL.—[Photograph by Sport and General.]



A BEAUTY OF SPAIN: A NATIVE OF VALENCIA.

FROM THE PAINTING BY CECILIO PLA GALLARDO.

Shown in the Exhibition of Spanish Paintings at the Royal Academy, and reproduced by courtesy of the Artist and the Directors of that Exhibition.

WHALING BY ARTILLERY: THE HARPOON-GUN IN ACTION AGAINST A GREAT "SUBMERSIBLE" OF NATURE'S NAVY.

FROM THE PAINTING BY CHARLES PEARCE, R.O.I., S.G.A.



A METHOD OF HUNTING WHICH KILLED 23,000 WHALES IN ONE YEAR, AND MAY LEAD TO THEIR EXTINCTION: THE MODERN WHALING STEAMER, WITH HARPOON-GUN.

Whaling is now no longer a matter of mast and sail and the "hand-to-hand" encounter in boats. Steamers of 100 to 150 tons, fitted with powerful steam-winchies and a deadly harpoon-gun carried in the bows, give a mode of hunting more effective, if less picturesque, than did the old-time way. Once struck, the whale is doomed. The trying-out of the oil is done off shore in floating factories to which the dead whales are towed. In 1911 as many as 23,000 whales were taken, the value of the oil alone being over £2,500,000. The ease with which, under modern conditions, the whale is captured has been counterbalanced by grave fears that it will become extinct. The respite of the war, however, gave the whale a new lease of life, and whaling has since been resumed and still goes on. In the left foreground of the illustration is seen a harpoon-gun, from which a harpoon, attached to a long rope, has just been fired into the whale's

body. The great creature, with its tail in the air, is plunging in a vain struggle to escape. On the right is another whaler, with a dead whale floating alongside. Air has been pumped into the carcass to make it float while being towed to land. The position of the harpoon-gun on the bows of this second steamer is clearly shown. It is incorrect to call a whale a fish, though it lives entirely in the water and is helpless on land. It is a mammal, of the order of *Cetacea*, and differs from fishes in many important particulars, having warm blood and a four-chambered heart, and breathing air. It must rise to the surface periodically to breathe, and is enabled to do so by the horizontal flukes of its tail, which form its chief mode of propulsion. Whales are gentle by nature, and the female is a devoted mother. The young are usually born singly, and can be suckled under water.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]



*Oh, Mummy—you promised me—
Woodward's Gripe Water!*

A Queen City of North Africa: Cyrene.

NEW ITALIAN DISCOVERIES.

By PROFESSOR FEDERICO HALBHERR.

AFTER the occupation of Tripolitania and Cyrenaica in 1912, the Italian Government devised a plan for the archaeological exploration of those countries, establishing to that end a special department for Colonial Archaeology at Rome, under the direction of Professor Lucio Mariani, with two local branches at Tripoli and Benghazi. An extensive survey of both provinces was made during the same year and the year following. Systematic excavations were then immediately commenced at Cyrene and its neighbourhood by the superintendent appointed there, Dr. Ghislanzoni; and at Tripoli, Zliten, and other places by his colleague in Tripolitania, Dr. Aurigemma. To both these scholars Libyan Archaeology is indebted for the most brilliant discoveries, which led to the creation of two museums of exceptional importance for the study of Greek and Roman Africa. For their support and for further excavations a special fund of one million francs has recently been granted by the Italian Ministry of Colonial Affairs.

Cyrene, where—as might be expected—the excavations have proved more fruitful, was one of

New Academy at Athens; Aristippus, disciple of Socrates and founder of the Cyrenaic School; the geographer Eratosthenes; and, in Christian times, the bishop Synesius.

The city possessed three theatres, large temples, a splendid *agora* or public market, a broad paved way for processions, considerable public buildings and baths, and—what modern visitors find still more imposing—a vast monumental necropolis, almost entirely cut in the rock of its hills, which is unparalleled in the ancient Greek world. Its principal temple was that of Apollo, which stood in a dominant position upon a large terrace near the spring, in full view of the far blue Libyan sea. The first attempt at archaeological excavations at Cyrene was made by two English gentlemen, Captain M. Smith, R.E., and Commander Porcher, R.N., who, between 1861 and 1863, succeeded in discovering the remains of that very temple, as also those of another on the Acropolis, bringing to light, amidst other antiquities, the colossal statue of Apollo playing on the lyre, that of Bacchus, and the bust of the Roman Proprætor, Cnæus Cornelius Lentulus Marcellinus, which are now to be seen in the British Museum. In 1910, a commission of the Archaeological Institute of America was able to resume excavations on the spot, exploring chiefly the Acropolis and its topography; but the outbreak of the Turco-Italian war prevented the prosecution of the enterprise. It has been only since the Italian occupation that systematic archaeological work has become possible in this, till then, almost inaccessible land; and at the same time began that succession of striking discoveries which lately aroused so much interest in the learned world and are now continuing with unceasing success.

The Italian excavators applied the spade at first to the terrace of the temple of Apollo, where diggings had been left unfinished by the English explorers in 1863, unearthing some new parts of the court and clearing out the whole of the temple itself. But the richest harvest of statues was reaped in the huge building of the *Thermæ*, which was discovered near it. The construction of the Cyrenæan public baths goes back to the days of Ptolemaic rule. The building, however, required a thorough reconstruction in Roman times, after the storm of the Jewish revolt under Trajan, during which the city was severely damaged. This work was accomplished by the munificence of the philhellene Emperor Hadrian, who, according to the Roman custom, adorned the new baths with the most magnificent works of sculpture. Some three hundred years later, a terrible earthquake, which happened in the fifth century A.D., and was described by Synesius, caused the final ruin of the building, burying its artistic treasures under a mound of rubbish, but at the same time preserving them from the iconoclastic fury of the Arab invaders, who were shortly to come.

The first discovery made at the *Thermæ* was that of a splendid statue of Venus or Aphrodite—unfortunately, headless—in natural size; a work, as Professor Mariani suggests, of the fourth century B.C., reproducing a Pre-Praxiteles type of that goddess. This is the only one amongst the sculptures found at Cyrene which, owing to its excellence, has been immediately transported to Italy and placed in the collection of masterpieces in the National Museum of the Diocletian *Thermæ* at Rome. Further excavations, carried out partly during the European War itself, and pursued after it with peculiar zeal, brought to light all that remained in the *Thermæ* of statues and monuments (some illustrated and described on a later page) enough to constitute a considerable Museum of Art. This has been provisionally installed at Benghazi, but is destined to be transplanted to Cyrene itself, when the explorations are more advanced, and the new town, now in construction near the ancient city, is completed.

From the *Thermæ*, diggings have been extended to other quarters of the city. On the plateau of the Acropolis, the remains of another temple, probably the same which was partially explored by Porcher and Smith, have been found. This is supposed to be the actual Capitol of Cyrene built by order of the Emperor Hadrian on the occasion of his second visit to Africa in 128 A.D. Fine architectural fragments, noteworthy Greek and Roman inscriptions—such as that containing the delimitation of the imperial

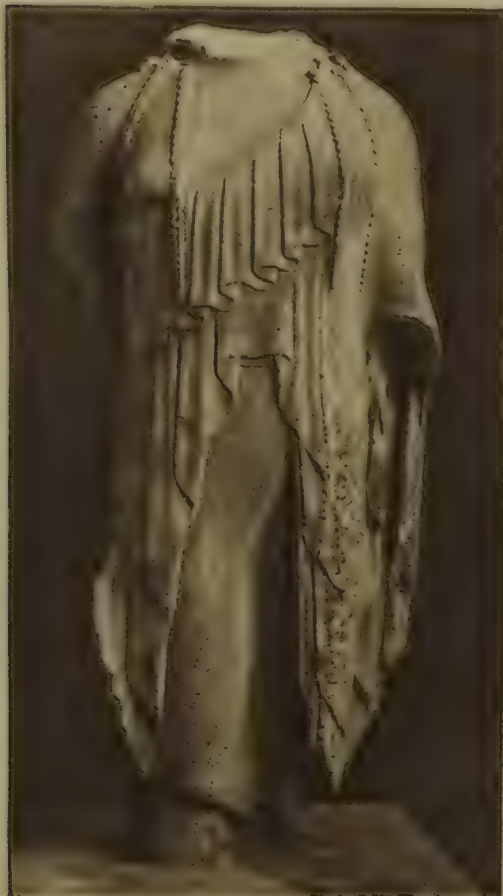
domains in Cyrenaica under the Quæstor Q. Paconius Agrippinus in 71 A.D.—and various vases and coins complete the series of discoveries amongst the more recent of which is to be noted a strange statue of a hybrid Oriental goddess, perhaps an Isis-Atargatis, entirely painted in polychromy, with a red mantle and a green gown, and traces of gilding on the hair. The shrine where it was found was probably dedicated to the Egyptian gods.

An ancient site, now under exploration, in the neighbourhood of Cyrene, at Zania el Beida, has proved to contain what remains of the little-known city of Balagrae, with a temple and a hospital or sanatorium of *Æsculapius*. From its ruins, amongst other sculptures, has been lately brought to light the statue of a winged Victory, which is included among our illustrations on another page.

While such a harvest of Greek and Græco-Roman works has been gathered in Cyrenaica, other considerable discoveries—but of quite different character—have been made in the Tripolitan region. We hope to be able to give a notice of them on a future occasion.



PAINTED IN POLYCHROMY: A STRANGE FIGURE OF A HYBRID ORIENTAL GODDESS, PERHAPS AN ISIS-ATARGATIS, FROM CYRENE.



THE MOST ANCIENT OF THE STATUES RECENTLY FOUND AT CYRENE: AN ARCHAIC "KORE" (MAIDEN) FROM THE THERMÆ.

the most ancient amongst the Hellenic colonies, and, excepting Alexandria, the most splendid and monumental Greek city of North Africa. Common tradition attributes its foundation to the Dorians of the island of Thera, the modern Santorin, in 631 B.C.; but recent investigations tend to prove that a previous swarm of Peloponnesian Pre-Doric colonists reached the Libyan coast and the lofty table-land of Barca at least four centuries earlier, in prehistoric times, when the first Greek invaders from the North overran also the shores of Minoan Crete. Built on the edge of the upper of two terraces, which rise above the coast of Marsa Susa to a height of about 2000 feet, at a spot where an inexhaustible spring flows from the rock, fertilising all the ground below, its situation, between the desert and the sea, was admirably adapted for commerce. Contact and traffic with the aboriginal population of Libyan or Berber stock was, in fact, established very soon, and, as we know from the historian Herodotus, who visited the city in about 450 B.C., a large admixture of Libyan blood was noticeable in its population, owing to the marriages of the early Greek settlers with Libyan wives. But, in spite of this Berber element, Cyrene maintained from its earliest days, through the Ptolemaic and the Roman domination, down to the time of the Arabic invasion in the seventh century A.D., its true Hellenic stamp in culture, art, and costume. It soon became a great centre of Greek life. Amongst its celebrities it numbered the cyclic poet Euegammon; the lyric poet, Callimachus; Carneades, the founder of the



THE FINEST EXTANT PORTRAIT OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT: THE HEAD OF A WONDERFUL MARBLE STATUE FOUND AT CYRENE.

Photographs by the Italian Department of Colonial Archaeology, supplied by Professor Federico Halbherr.

NOW DATED BACK TO 1000 B.C.: CYRENE—NEW ITALIAN EXCAVATIONS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE ITALIAN DEPARTMENT OF COLONIAL ARCHÆOLOGY, SUPPLIED BY PROFESSOR FEDERICO HALBHERR.



BELIEVED TO BE THE CENTRE OF HADRIAN'S CAPITOL, BUILT IN 128 A.D.:
THE TEMPLE OF JUPITER AT CYRENE.



WITH COLUMNS RESTORED TO THEIR PLACES: A GALLERY
IN THE THERMÆ (BATHS) AT CYRENE.



WHERE THE RICHEST HARVEST OF STATUES HAS BEEN GATHERED: THE CYRENEAN THERMÆ, BEGUN IN PTOLEMAIC TIMES, AND REBUILT UNDER HADRIAN—
A GENERAL VIEW OF THE ITALIAN EXCAVATIONS.

The ancient Greek city of Cyrene, on the northern coast of Africa, between Carthage and Alexandria, stood on one of the finest sites in the world. It was the capital of the district of Cyrenaica, which included also the Greek cities of Barca, Teuchira, Hesperis, and Apollonia, the port of Cyrene. Under the Ptolemies Hesperis became Berenice, and Teuchira was called Arsinoë, while Barca was eclipsed by its port, Ptolemais. The five cities were known under the general name of Pentapolis. The chief city, according to legend, was named after Cyrene, daughter of Hypseus and mother of Aristæus by Apollo, who carried her off from

Mount Pelion to Libya. The foundation of Cyrene has generally been ascribed to Battus of Thera, in 631 B.C., but, as Professor Halbherr says in his article on another page, describing the new Italian discoveries there, "recent investigations tend to prove that a previous swarm of Peloponnesian pre-Doric colonists reached the Libyan coast and the lofty table-land of Barca at least four centuries earlier." It was in the Thermæ, or public baths (shown above), that the Italian excavators have found the finest treasures of ancient sculpture, some of which we illustrate on two other pages in this issue.

NEW TREASURES OF THE SPADE: LOVELY OLD STATUES FROM CYRENE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE ITALIAN DEPARTMENT OF COLONIAL ARCHAEOLOGY, SUPPLIED BY PROFESSOR FEDERICO HALBHERR.



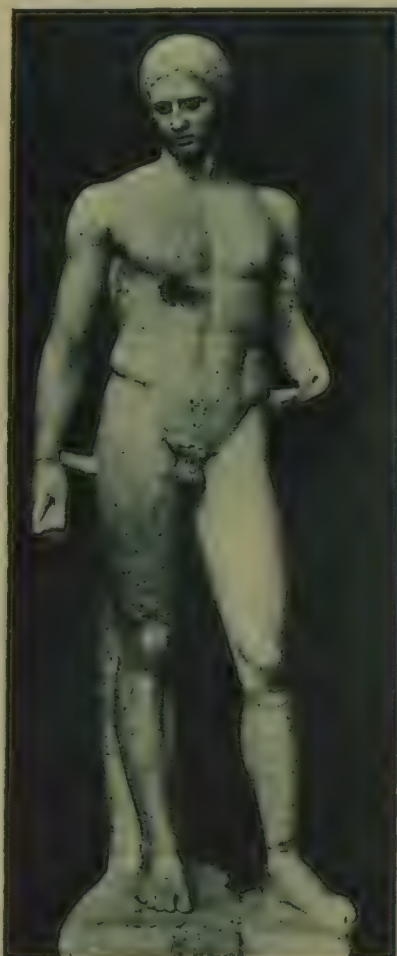
FOUND AT ZANIA EL BEIDA, NEAR CYRENE:
A WINGED VICTORY FROM BALAGRÆ.



THE BEST-PRESERVED OF THREE GROUPS FROM
THE THERMÆ: THE GRACES—A ROMAN WORK.



BY A HITHERTO UNKNOWN SCULPTOR, ZENION: A
STATUE OF JUPITER FROM THE CAPITOL, CYRENE.



WITH EYEBALLS OF GLASS PASTE AND
BRONZE EYEBROWS: A MARBLE HERMES.



THE FINEST STATUE FOUND: AN APHRODITE
(PROBABLY FOURTH CENTURY B.C.)



FOUND, LIKE THE APHRODITE, IN THE THERMÆ AT
CYRENE: AN EROS (CUPID), ONCE HOLDING HIS BOW.

The first and finest statue found by the Italian excavators at Cyrene was the Aphrodite (Venus) shown above. Of other sculptures, Professor Halbherr writes: "The chief discoveries made after that of the Venus are two archaic korai, or young girls, similar to the very ancient ones of the Athenian Acropolis, but much damaged; three groups of the Graces or Charities; a severe statue of Hermes or Mercurius, copied, according to Professor Mariani, from a bronze of Polyclletus, and still preserving, inserted in the marble, the eyeballs in glass-paste and eyebrows in bronze; a 'marvellous statue of Alexander the Great,

represented nude, as a god, his head being the finest marble portrait of the Macedonian king which has come down to us; a pretty Eros (or Cupid) shooting with the bow. . . . From the ruins of the Capitol came a colossal statue of the King of Gods, 'ægis-bearing' Jove, leaning on his sceptre, with a thunder-bolt in his right hand and the eagle at his feet. As we learn from the inscription, the statue is by Zenion, a sculptor hitherto unknown, but probably belonging to the School of Aphrodisias." The winged "Victory" was found on the site of ancient Balagræ, at Zania el Beida, near Cyrene.

BOOKS OF THE DAY

By E. B. OSBORN.

HITHERTO, Dancing has been the Cinderella of the Arts. Yet it is rooted in ecstasy, like all its sister arts, and can boast the longest lineage, being as old as Eros (the oldest of deities), according to Lucian. It is also the most spontaneous, for it is made up of emotions that express themselves forthwith in bodily gestures and movements—in its primitive form, at any rate, not being concerned with passion in retrospect or "emotion recollected in tranquillity," which is the stuff of poetry. With children and simple peoples, who have never been taught that it is indecorous to display their feelings, emotion is immediately translated into action. For a child, words are never enough for the expression of heart's delight—as may be seen at any street-corner when a barrel-organ is grinding out the tunes that once were beautiful even for musical critics. The whole body then becomes an instrument for joy to play upon. Joy for joy's sake, however, is not yet art. "A child dancing for its own delight," observes Ruskin, "a lamb leaping or a fawn at play, are happy and holy creatures; but they are not artists. An artist is a person who has submitted to a law which it was painful to obey, that he may bestow a delight which it is gracious to bestow." Dancing

No more skill was demanded of them than of the banner-bearers at a Christmas pantomime. Mr. Max Beerbohm (I think it was . . . yes, it must have been!) described the ballet of the period as chiefly a procession of "rank after rank and file after file of honest bread-winners from Camberwell and Peckham Rye, performing mechanical manoeuvres with the dogged persistence of a company of Boy Scouts." Thus the public was persuaded that the ballet was a bore, and the art of the ballerina fell into undeserved contempt. Still, when things were at their worst, signs of a revival could be discerned. It began in downright earnest when Adeline Genée, in Delibes' "Coppelia" and in the "Dryad," captured all hearts with her brilliant technique, her arch-merriment, her never-fully-explored power of expressing emotion. (As she never had a male partner worthy of her art, she could never show her true capacity of miming.) Then came the Russian Ballet—a synthesis of the arts wrought by artistic revolutionaries—which taught us that it was the lack of male dancers which had reduced an old and still beautiful art-form to a pretty insignificance with us, and in Italy, the home of its true technique, to little more than a soulless virtuosity. When it becomes the perquisite of women, an art inevitably declines into a mere accomplishment. Since the coming of the Diaghilev ballet, the public here has become

every emotion had its appropriate and spontaneous rhythm? Can we cure ourselves of the stuttering gait and staccato gestures, the whole gamut of angular, jerky, abrupt, disjointed movements, which is largely the result of sacrificing man to machinery? In "RHYTHM, MUSIC, AND EDUCATION" (Chatto and Windus; 15s. net), by Émile Jacques Dalcroze, translated from the French by H. F. Rubinstein and introduced by Sir W. H. Hadow, this great problem is discussed and a complete solution proposed. No man living has done more for the study of rhythmic beauty, but I find it impossible to follow M. Jacques Dalcroze when he scorns both the ballet-dancing of Karsavina and Nijinsky and the "classical" dancing of Isadora Duncan. Both are conventions, no doubt, but I feel there is beauty in them—and, after all, as Mr. George Moore observed in the introduction to "GABRIELLE" (privately printed), you cannot get art without conventions. In point of fact, the inventor of Eurhythmics tramples on the conventions of others with a conventionalism of his own. Still, he is right in saying that the music to which the academic or the classical dancer moves too often has not the slightest connection with his or her movements. Nay, even Stravinsky has not solved



THE GROWING UNITED STATES NAVY: A FORECAST OF THE NEW DREADNOUGHT "INDIANA," ONE OF A SERIES OF SIX BATTLE-SHIPS OF 43,200 TONS PROVIDED FOR IN THE AMERICAN NAVAL PROGRAMME.

The naval programme of the United States includes plans for a class of six Dreadnoughts—the "Indiana," "Massachusetts," "Montana," "North Carolina," "Iowa," and "South Dakota"—with a displacement of 43,200 tons, and carrying, among other armament, twelve 16-inch guns. Their dimensions will just permit of passage through the Panama Canal. They will be 660 ft. long, with a beam of 106 ft. The "Indiana" is being built at the New York Navy Yard.—[Drawn by Albert Sébille after the "Scientific American."]

was closely connected with religious ritual in ancient times, especially in Egypt. It was among the Egyptians that the first technique of this art appeared. From the painted records that have come down to us, it seems certain that they were familiar with many of the movements—e.g., the pirouette—of the modern ballet. Later in Greece, where dancing escaped from the tutelage of religion, another and ampler technique, a free and natural revelation of the beauty and power of "the human form divine," was communicated in statuary and vase-paintings, of which Isadora Duncan and others have been the accepted interpreters—though I have my doubts as to whether Athenian spectators, sitting on the benches of their marble theatre and talking about the Empire and eating fruit, would be as complaisant as we have been to these fair and inventive ladies. Of this, at least, I am fully convinced: no Greek would have enjoyed Karsavina's artistry, and no Egyptian would have sat through a modern performance of "classical" dancing at Chelsea or elsewhere!

Long before the war there were signs of a revival of interest in Dancing as an Art in all the Western countries. In England even, the "operatic ballet," still so styled in spite of the creation of the *ballet d'action* by Noverre a century and a half before, had degenerated in the 'eighties to a meaningless flourishing of legs, more legs, nothing but legs. The original *corps-de-ballet*, whose business was to dance, became a chorus marching and counter-marching with military precision.

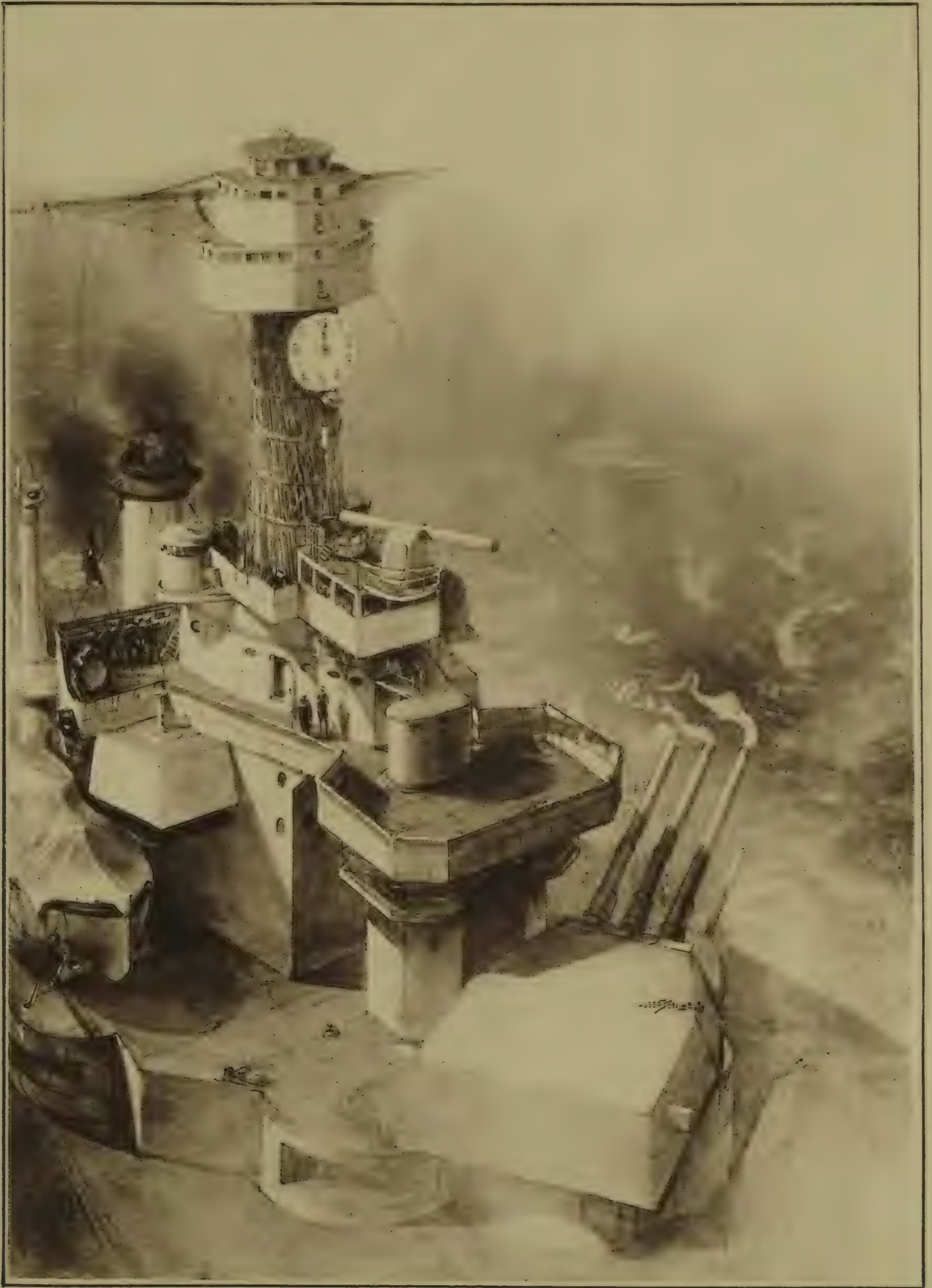
keenly interested in all possible (and impossible) forms of dancing—one of the most vital movements being Mr. Cecil Sharp's rediscovery and revival of English folk-dances and country-dances, which might be made the basis of stories in rhythm as quaint and alluring as "Les Vierges Folles" of the Swedish Ballet. Every form of art-dancing now has its votaries in England, and the number is constantly being increased by recruits from the myriads, both men and women, for whom ball-room dancing is the most joyous of diversions. During the war-years there were times and places, where *tango*, and other irregular verbs in the language of rhythmic gesture, were conjugated in such a way as not to admit even of the excuse tendered by "Saki's" kindly old dowager: "Well, I suppose it doesn't matter if they really love one another!" Some saw in this war-time craze for indecorous dancing a prelude of revolution, heralding something like the Carmagnole-storms of rags in the blood-stained streets of Paris during the Terror, or even a symptom of the jiggling epidemics that ran through the whole of Europe in dark and dismal periods of the Middle Ages. But this corybantic excess is no longer seen, except in holes and corners of the London under-world, and the popularity of dancing to-day means something added to the joyousness of nations.

But can we get back again to that Golden Age (let us assume it did once exist!) when music and dancing were one art and indivisible, and

the problem of making music that can be danced, the bodily rhythms having the same relation to it as the words—or, rather, the emotions they express—have to the melody of a song. Complete as it seems to us, the *ensemble* of a Russian ballet such as "Scheherazade" or "The Fire-bird" (ah, worthy Professor, is not Karsavina a veritable bird with flames for feathers in that strange fantasy?) is a broken and imperfect thing. But it is in his conception of the Eurhythmic crowd, executing movements in order and symmetry without presenting the aspect of a battalion of soldiers—yet counter-pointing the musical design in a hundred different ways by gestures, steps, and attitudes, and all the time conveying an impression of unity and order—that M. Jacques Dalcroze has made his great contribution to the choreography of the future. He has actually realised these effects—e.g., at the *Festival vaudois* of 1903 (long before Reinhardt's productions), when a chorus of 1800 persons took part, according to his principles; at Hellerau in 1911, when he presented a polyrhythm of crowds on staircases and inclines; and in 1914 at Geneva, when the plastic interpretation of a symphony was secured by 200 rhythmic students on a flat surface, tiers, and monumental staircases. The crowd may now be a giant protagonist, yet feeling every change of emotion and thought, in the drama of music, dancing, miming, and *décor*, and, to judge by Mr. Bertrand Russell's description of the pageant of the "World Commune" at Petrograd, the Russians think a mob can be introduced.

COLUMBIA'S BID FOR THE TRIDENT: THE LATEST U.S. DREADNOUGHT.

DRAWN BY ALBERT SÉBILLE, AFTER AN ILLUSTRATION IN THE "SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN."



WITH LATTICE MAST AND SIGNALLING DIAL: THE SUPERSTRUCTURE OF THE U.S. BATTLE-SHIP "TENNESSEE."

Although the United States Senate has been discussing suggestions for a possible reduction of naval armaments in agreement with Great Britain and Japan, no decision has, at the moment of writing, been reached, and meanwhile the U.S. Government is proceeding with an ambitious programme of new naval construction. The 1920-1 edition, just published, of Brassey's "Naval Annual" says: "The United States Navy is in progress of rapid expansion. . . . Under the programme of 1916, sixteen capital ships are under construction. . . . When Mr. Josephus Daniels, Secretary of the Navy, made his report on the year 1919-20, he spoke in

glowing terms of the future. . . . With battle-ships in service equal or superior to any then in commission in any Navy, and twelve battle-ships (including the 'California' and 'Tennessee,' the last-named since commissioned, of the 1915 programme) and six battle-cruisers under construction, the Navy, he said, was pressing forward to greater things." The "Tennessee" was launched at the New York Navy Yard in 1919, and commissioned last June. She burns oil exclusively, has electric drive, and carries twelve 14-inch guns. Her displacement is 32,300 tons, and speed 21 knots.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

ART IN THE SALE ROOMS

BY ARTHUR HAYDEN.

IN the forthcoming sales there are alluring items which, in the pilgrimage through the never-ending plains of art dispersals, are scattered like oases. In a sale on Jan. 18 at Messrs. Christie's one comes across a small panel of Warwickshire tapestry of the sixteenth century, with the subject Abraham's Sacrifice, in coloured silks and gold and silver thread, inscribed "Have a Stronge Faith in God onely," and "Not this, but my Good Will." In a walnut frame from the same collection is a

expend wisely, so that no new Lamb will arise to complain of regimen. From the collection of the late Baroness Amherst of Hackney comes one of the finest specimens of Wynkyn de Worde's printing on very thick paper made expressly by John Tate, the first paper-maker in England. This volume, "Bartholomeus de Proprietatibus Rerum," by De Glanville, in date 1495, was translated into English by John of Treves. Some rhymes at the end of the book state that Caxton first printed this book in Cologne, and the stout paper English edition is, curiously enough, mentioned as *thin*. "John Tate the yonger . . . which late in Englonde doo make this paper thynne, that now in our englyssh this book is printed inne." Which record shows how the competitive trade struggle for supremacy has waged between England and Germany since the days of the Hanseatic League.

A French item of historic interest (illustrated elsewhere) is a set of nine Road Maps made by Tonnet, the Geographer of Louis XV., and enclosed in the original red morocco case tooled with alternate dolphins and fleurs-de-lys, with an achievement of the arms of the Dauphin and Dauphine inscribed "Cartes de la Route de Madame la Dauphine de Strasbourg à Versailles." They were executed for Marie Antoinette for use in the French section of her journey from Vienna when as a girl of fifteen she made her eventful journey to Paris.

Messrs. Sotheby are selling on Feb. 10, the property of Mr. George Edward Monckton, a collection of official correspondence of General Robert Monckton during his service in North America, 1752-1763, as second in command to General Wolfe. The letters from Wolfe to him are of unique interest, and probably form the finest collection of Wolfe letters ever offered at auction. The papers and official documents as a whole, in addition to their interest to the collector, throw a fresh light upon some of the more important events of a very critical period of North American history, and come straight from the companion-in-arms of Wolfe who was wounded on the Heights of Abraham at the taking of Quebec, where Wolfe lost his life.

With the exception of the first five lots, which are pictures, the whole of the collection will be offered first as one lot (numbers 6 to 180); but, if the reserve is not realised, each lot is to be sold separately and thus dispersed.

Some of the interesting features comprise "The Unanimous Address of the Merchants and Traders of the City of New York to His Excellency Robert Monckton, congratulating him upon his safe return from the Expedition against Martinique, with fifty-one signatures, New York, 1762," and other similar addresses. There are petitions of French prisoners, instructions relative to transportation of French inhabitants of the districts of Chignecto out of the province of Nova Scotia. Longfellow immortalised the expulsion of the French in his "Evangeline," a tale of Acadie. As these letters show, the French inhabitants refused to take the oath of allegiance to the British Sovereign, and General Braddock had been defeated by the French and had died of his wounds. The country had to be garrisoned and the inhabitants removed. There is evidence that the order was carried out with undue severity, and without due regard to the rights of humanity.

Among the Wolfe documents are many giving directions for the conduct of the campaign, and secret instructions and orders in regard to the embarkation of a brigade in "flat-bottom'd Boats to row along the South Shoar, until you perceive 3 Lanthorns hanging a breast, upon that side of the Sutherland which is opposite to that shoar." There is a document (here illustrated) being the "Secret Instructions for our Trusty

and Welbeloved James Wolfe Esqr, Brigadier-General of our Forces in North America, and Major-General and Commander in chief of a Body of our Land Forces, to be employed on an Expedition against Quebec, by the Way of the River St. Lawrence."

The events of the storming of Quebec are tinged with melancholy. It is recorded that Wolfe, whose spirits had grown pensive, revived as the evening wore on. It is well known how, as they rowed down the river, he read Gray's "Elegy" to his officers, and, coming to the line, "The paths of glory lead but to the grave," he remarked, "I had rather, gentlemen, have been the author of that line than take Quebec."

Let no one suppose that the taking of Quebec was a glorious fluke. Wolfe had his orders months before, and the War Office of the eighteenth century planned everything in detail, as these documents show. Quebec was the eighteenth century Zeebrugge. Benjamin West's "Death of Wolfe" comes up for sale, together with William Wollett's engraving. West broke all the canons of historical painting. British Generals had to be in classic attire, as in Westminster Abbey. West was original, and thought otherwise. In vain the Archbishop of York, stepping aside from his ecclesiastical functions, called on Reynolds to expostulate at the "barbarism of boots and buttons and blunderbusses." Sir Joshua came to view "The Death of Wolfe," and marvelled. He exclaimed: "This will occasion a revolution in art." Henceforth Roman togas and Greek costume were thrown to the winds, and historic pictures represented real events as they were. The Indian warrior watching the dying hero to see if he equalled in fortitude his own race is a fine stroke of poetry. "This event happened in 1759," said West to George III., who questioned him, "in a region of the world unknown to the Greeks and the Romans . . . the same truth which gives law to the historian should give law to the painter." West won in the controversy, for the King said, "You will make a copy for me." Lord Grosvenor, who believed, held the original, which hangs in his descendants' gallery to-day. Here is another, the Monckton copy, of undoubted authenticity.

George II.

Secret Instructions for our Trusty and Welbeloved James Wolfe Esqr, Brigadier-General of our Forces in North America

In case, by the Blessing of God upon our Arms, you shall make yourself Master of Quebec, our Will and Pleasure is, that you do keep Possession of the said Place, for which Purpose, you are to appoint, out of the Troops under your Command, a sufficient and ample Garrison, under the Command of such careful and able Officer, as you shall judge best qualified for so important a Trust, effectually to defend and secure the said Place; And you will immediately make, in the best manner practicable, such Reports to the

Works, as you shall find necessary for the Defence thereof, until you shall receive further Orders from Us; And you are forthwith to transmit an exact Account, to be laid before Us, of the State and Condition of the said Place.

ISSUED SEVEN MONTHS BEFORE THE CAPTURE OF QUEBEC: "SECRET INSTRUCTIONS FOR OUR TRUSTY AND WELBELOVED JAMES WOLFE"—A DOCUMENT SIGNED BY GEORGE II. This very interesting historical document is included in the sale at Sotheby's, on Feb. 10 next, of the official correspondence of General Robert Monckton during his service in North America, 1752-1763. It bears date Feb. 5, 1759. Quebec was taken on Sept. 13 following, when Wolfe fell in the hour of victory.

By Courtesy of Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge.

panel of Charles II. stumpwork with the King and Queen and other figures worked in coloured silks on satin. The long Oriental services of our great-grandmothers are now becoming rapidly scarce, for hard porcelain gets chipped and broken easily. The type is represented in a service, in a sale at Christie's on the 18th, which included one hundred dinner plates, and other component parts less numerical, of Kien-Lung porcelain with enamelled bouquets and baskets of flowers in the European taste. This style was once passed off as "Oriental-Lowestoft," so called, but the little Lowestoft factory neither made nor decorated hard paste china.

In a sale of valuable books and illuminated manuscripts by Messrs. Sotheby on Jan. 17, and two following days, the Governors of Christ's Hospital come into the market as sellers with some two hundred volumes comprised in ninety-seven lots. It is an awkward precedent for a foundation, but no doubt the Governors require funds. We are all penurious. The Dean of St. Paul's may have to barter his deanery to an opulent cinema. The Governors are a century removed from Charles Lamb's record, in his essay on Christ's Hospital, of his boyhood's tortures, and one or two instances of lunacy and attempted suicide by reason of excessive punishment. Presumably nowadays there is no "Monday's milk porridge, blue and tasteless," and "pease soup of Saturdays, coarse and choking." It is to be hoped that the many volumes, including the Bible, the Rev. John Eliot's Indian translation (Algonquian tongue), 1663, which is a first edition and exceedingly rare, will bring funds to the Governors to

D. L.

This flat bottom'd Boat will wait your orders to bring over the Highlanders; unless the weather be so very bad, that it might injure, in such case, as the business is not only pressing, to morrow night will be as well; only which must be sent to Col. Murray, part of whom hopes to send over to morrow. The Highlanders may have their Quits shading, I shall find in covering. This Corps of Highlanders (I mean the whole six divisions) are to be those that were first appointed. If you have occasion I don't doubt but the Division will send you 200 sailors, or 300, to work as our men do; tho' it would be better to do without them altogether, if they must stay ashore.

James Wolfe

A RELIC OF THE HERO OF QUEBEC: ORDERS FROM GENERAL WOLFE TO HIS SECOND IN COMMAND, BRIG-GEN. MONCKTON, A FEW WEEKS BEFORE ITS CAPTURE AND WOLFE'S DEATH.

The above is also included in the sale of General Robert Monckton's official correspondence (1752-63), to be held at Sotheby's on Feb. 10 next. It is part of a document of one and a half pages in Wolfe's hand, dated Aug. 17, 1759, from the Camp of Montmorency, giving orders to Brig-Gen. Monckton regarding the Highland Corps. Wolfe fell at the capture of Quebec on Sept. 13, 1759.—[By Courtesy of Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge.]

Used by Marie Antoinette on Her First Journey to Paris: French Road-Maps of 1770.

BEARING THE ARMS OF THE ILL-FATED DAUPHIN AND DAUPHINE: THE COVER OF MARIE ANTOINETTE'S ROAD-MAP.

A very interesting and pathetic relic of Marie Antoinette will be offered at Sotheby's on January 19, the third day of a sale of valuable books and MSS. It is a set of nine road-maps prepared for her use on the French section of her journey (in April 1770) from Vienna to Versailles to marry the Dauphin (afterwards Louis XVI.). The maps belong to Lady Bowman, of Shere Rectory. The catalogue says: "They are very beautifully and elaborately executed in pen and



SCANNED BY MARIE ANTOINETTE WHEN SHE DROVE INTO FRANCE AS A YOUNG BRIDE: THE PARIS SECTION OF HER ROAD-MAP.

ink by Tonnet, Geographer to the King, and coloured by hand. Each section is cut up, like a modern road map, into detached panels for convenience of folding. The maps are enclosed in the original red morocco case. On the front are the arms of the Dauphin and Dauphine. . . . There is little doubt that she had these maps herself in her carriage, when as a girl of fifteen she came for the first time to Paris."—[BY COURTESY OF MESSRS. SOTHEY, WILKINSON AND HODGE.]

With a Top-Hat on the Coffin Lid: The "Taugi" of a Maori Chief in New Zealand.

GARLANDED MOURNERS, COSTLY MATS, AND FAMILY PORTRAITS: A MAORI "LYING-IN-STATE" (TAUGI) WHICH LASTS ABOUT A FORTNIGHT.

Funeral ceremonies among the Maoris of New Zealand are protracted and highly picturesque. Upon the death of a chief or any great person, a *Taugi* is held which lasts about ten to fourteen days. The body is placed in a lead-lined coffin within a Maori hut or tent, the floor of which is strewn with valuable

mats; while the walls are hung with photographs and paintings of deceased kinsfolk. Relatives and friends never leave the coffin during the whole *Taugi*. In another meeting-place close by hundreds of friends feast, wail, and amuse themselves. In the photograph a top-hat, evidently an object of honour, is seen on the coffin.

PHOTOGRAPH BY TESLA STUDIOS, WANGANUI, N.Z.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

MAN-HUNTING.

THE sport of man-hunting, as pursued, for example, by the head-hunters of Borneo, or the Thugs of India, was one which demanded very special qualifications to ensure success; and the most essential of these were stealth and cunning. To-day, a new form of man-hunting has come to the fore, and this also demands special qualifications, but of a very different kind. Those who essay its pursuit must be endowed with a patience inexhaustible, and a knowledge of the history of Mother Earth which goes back millions of years as well as of the creatures which live, and have lived, in her secret places. For the quarry now is not creatures of flesh and blood, but the mere fragments of men who hunted, and were hunted, ages and ages before the dawn of "history" in the general sense of the term.

The most ambitious of hunting expeditions of this kind yet planned is that which is just being sent out by the American Museum of Natural History, under the leadership of my friend Mr. Roy C. Andrews. For five years he and his staff are to seek "buried treasure" in remote regions of Central Asia. Fossils of every kind are to be sought, but first and foremost, and all the time, must come fossil man. But among the members of this expedition will be some whose concern will be the living. They are to collect wild animals and plants of every kind. For them, too, the study of man will be of paramount importance. Little is known of the aborigines scattered among the mountains of Yunnan and Kweichow, and along the Tibetan frontier; and it is hoped that, as a result, a rich harvest of information will be gleaned as to ancient tribes such as the Lolos, Mosos, Lisos and others who are rapidly disappearing, and this before we have learned anything, at any rate of importance, of their origin, life or customs.

Just as this expedition is on the point of sailing comes news that will not a little increase the desire of all to get to work, for Professor Dubois has now,

at long last, published descriptions of two wonderful skulls of fossil men found by him thirty years ago in Java, an island which is to receive most particular attention in the course of this expedition. Somewhere about the time that Professor Dubois, a Dutch army surgeon, found these skulls, he found also part of a skull, two molar teeth, and a thigh which ever since have been "bones of contention" among anthropologists. The long, low forehead of the skull was unlike anything ever before seen in a human cranium; and discussion, often rancorous, raged

is not known to exceed 600 c.c. That of a healthy human being to-day never falls below 880 c.c. A survey of all the evidence seems to show that we must regard Pithecanthropus as an extremely primitive form of human being, but not entitled to be included within the genus *Homo*.

And now as to the other Javan skulls. About the human character of these there is no question, but they are undoubtedly of a very primitive kind. They bear a very close likeness, it would seem, to the now famous Talgai skull of Australia. And if this prove to be the case, the find will have a greatly enhanced value, on account of the light they will throw on the problem of the origin of the aborigines of Australia. The largest of the newly-described Javan skulls is said to be that of a woman, and to have a brain-cavity one-seventh larger than the average Englishwoman of to-day.

In this it recalls the very remarkable calvarium found near Boskop, in the Transvaal, in 1913. Concerning this skull, which has been submitted to me for examination, I hope to have something to say later. For the moment, let me remark that, as Professor Elliot Smith contends, the chief factor which above all others determines brain superiority is not so much mere bulk, as the size of the pre-frontal area. It is certainly remarkable that the brain-cavity of this Boskop skull must have been somewhere about 1900 c.c.—greater than the philosopher Kant's skull, and almost as large as Bismarck's.

W. P. PYCRAFT.



THE MECCA OF THE WINTER SPORTSMAN AND SPORTSWOMAN: SWITZERLAND—CURLING AND SKATING AT DAVOS.

Visitors to Switzerland may obtain particulars of railway services and fares, together with maps and illustrated booklets, at the office of the Swiss Federal Railways, Carlton House, 11a, Regent Street, London, S.W.1.

Photograph by E. Meerhäuser.

for long years. It was suggested that the remains were those of a microcephalic idiot, or of a monster begotten of human and simian parents. Virchow was of opinion that its peculiarities were pathological. Huxley regarded them as human, and he was right. There be some, even to-day, however, who incline to the view that these remains are of a gigantic gibbon, that is to say, one of the higher apes. But the brain-cavity renders this view untenable, for its capacity is given as 850 c.c., while that of the highest apes

diminished, many more passengers are going abroad by the short sea routes *via* Dover-Calais, Folkestone-Boulogne, Dover-Ostend and Folkestone-Flushing. Motorists for the South of France will find that special arrangements have been made for shipping cars at Folkestone and Dover. The Continental Inquiry Office opened by the S.E. and C. Railway, at Victoria Station, has proved very useful to intending passengers desiring tickets and information about services to the Riviera, Switzerland, Belgium, Holland, and Central Europe.

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LADIES' NEWS.

MRS. BRINTON, who is still better known to the general public as Mrs. Willie James, is marrying off her daughters quite quickly. The third, Miss Silvia Helena James, is now Mrs. John Menzies Wilson, and her wedding last week brought us the sight of part of a squadron of 2nd Life Guards in full review order. Princess Christian was present, the bride being her god-daughter. The procession of bridesmaids was very pretty. Two pages carried the train; then came four dear, wee girls, three of them Howards, nieces of the bride, the fourth the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Austen Chamberlain. Then came the bride's only unmarried sister and the Hon. Doris Harcourt. All were in soft, rich yellow. Behind them came the stalwart Guardsmen. The decorations were standard trees on which were oranges and something white which might pass for orange-blossom if, like "the Marchioness" of Dickens, we made-believe a great deal. On so dark a day, something brighter would have had more effect. However, that is a detail, and the wedding was a really pretty one.

Many people have heard with regret of the death of Blanche Countess of Airlie. For some years past she had not been about a great deal; when one did see her, she was a picturesque and dignified figure, wearing a distinctive dress like that of Quakeresses, with a difference, for she did not belong to the Society of Friends. Her mother, the late Lady Stanley of Alderley, was a pioneer of higher education for girls, and was, in early Victorian days, a friend of Palmerston and of many other celebrities, for she was the holder of a *salon*. Blanche Lady Airlie was a very cultured and clever woman, and knew many of the great people of her day, including Lord Beaconsfield. The late Earl was killed leading a charge of the Queen's Bays which saved the guns at Diamond Hill, in the South African campaign.

The Queen at a Hunt Ball sounds somewhat democratic. It was, I think, rather of a friendly and county *esprit-de-corps* character. The ball, although a subscription one, was held in a private house, and one in which Royalty had often been entertained—Hillington Hall, near King's Lynn, long in the folk's family, and now the property of the Hon. Mrs. John Dawnay, who was a folk's. The Queen of Norway was there; also the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, Princess Mary, and Prince Henry. The Queen danced in a square, and the Princes and Princess hardly missed a dance. It was the most brilliant and



THE POPULARITY OF THE CHEMISE FROCK.

A harmonious whole is produced by the alliance of terracotta cloth and arabesque embroidery in ribbon and crewel silk. The picture hat is of velvet, and its only ornament is an ostrich-feather in copper and flame.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]

successful ball ever held by the West Norfolk Hunt, and now it is hoped to repeat it next season under similarly brilliant conditions. The Prince

of Wales was in pink, and the other Princes in evening dress, as they are not yet members of hunt clubs.

Some digestions have "strikitis" after heavy work during holiday time. A "light fare" cookery-book is therefore specially welcome. Brown and Polson have issued a particularly good one, published by them at 6, Bouverie Street, E.C.4, for the modest price of 2s. Cornflour and "Raisley" naturally play a part in the dishes, which are carefully classified, including soups, meat savouries, sweets, cakes, buns and bread. It is easy and simple, and every recipe has been tested. It demonstrates the value of Brown and Polson's cornflour and "Raisley." The blanch-manges, jellies, sponges, etc., are specially alluring. The directions are clear and concise, and the volume is one of great value to the cook. Although the price is 2s., a copy will be forwarded for rs., post paid, to any reader of *The Illustrated London News* who writes for it to the above address. It is a really practical book, and the cookery in it is just right.

A Roman Catholic wedding, where bride and groom are of that faith, is a long affair. That of the Polish Chargé d'Affaires in London, M. Jean Ciechanowski, to Miss Gladys Koch de Gooreynd, at the Brompton Oratory, lasted for over an hour. The wedding itself was quickly over, and was followed by a Low, or Nuptial, Mass, which was said or sung by Monsignor Carton de Wiart, brother of the Belgian General of that name. There was lovely music, and it was very impressive. There were many diplomatists present, including the Spanish Ambassador; the Japanese Ambassador and Baroness Hayashi; the Belgian Ambassador; Mrs. Davis, wife of the American Ambassador, supported by the Councillor and Mrs. Butler Wright, the Secretary and Mrs. Bliss Lane, and Mr. and Mrs. Beale; the Netherlands Minister and handsome Mme. Van Swinderen; and the Italian Chargé d'Affaires. It was really like an international alliance.

Something quite new is the vacancies in rooms at the big West End hotels. Time was, and not long ago, when it was well-nigh impossible to get a single room in which to spend a few nights in London. Lots of people are in the sunny South, lots more are in the snowy mountains for winter sports, others are busy attending hunt balls and staying at country houses; so London is not so full as it was. Constant dances in hotels drive away some of the quiet folk; dances are, however, not so frequent as they were, and are likely to become still less frequent, for the craze is gradually dying out, and the spring, with its outdoor enjoyments, will kill it outright, I think.—A. E. L.



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OUR FRIENDS IN FRANCE.

A LETTER FROM AN ENGLISHWOMAN IN PARIS.

Paris, Jan. 3, 1921.

THE adoption of Verdun by the City of London is one of those acts which will stand out when the history of these times comes to be written. Nothing could have pleased the French nation more than this graceful recognition of the valiant city whose heroic stand against the invaders has invested her with the halo of martyrdom.

The association of these two famous towns will forge yet another link in the chain of sympathy and brotherhood which binds the two nations together. There have been many plans discussed for a suitable memorial which should commemorate the heroic sacrifice of the countless French soldiers in that famous sector, and, after months of careful deliberation, it has at last been decided to establish a great cemetery on the slopes of the Douaumont Hill, consisting of forty tombs representing the forty most famous battles of the defence. These will be guarded by four chapels, representing in their turn the Roman Catholic, Protestant, Jewish, and Moslem faiths. The committee entrusted with the carrying out of this scheme is headed by M. Poincaré, with whom is associated M. Maginot, and the work is to be put in hand immediately.

For some time past money has been coming in for this purpose, especially from America, whose troops were privileged to play a part in the defence of the famous citadel; while it is proposed to hold a "National Day," some time in the spring, throughout France, in order to secure the funds necessary for the completion of the work. Verdun has become, in a sense, the second capital of France, for, after Paris—whose place must always be first in every true Frenchman's heart—Verdun certainly ranks next in his estimation. He has invested her with an atmosphere which is almost sacred.

The ultimate outcome of the battle now being waged between the adherents of the "Third International" and the anti-Bolshevist Socialists, at Tours, will undoubtedly have an effect in all the countries of Europe. The overwhelming vote at the opening meeting in favour of giving preference to the discussion of the Moscow terms was decidedly disconcerting, but it was only the signal for the battle to commence. M. Cachin led off with a eulogy of Soviet Russia which was too fatuous to be taken seriously—as, for instance, when he told his audience that the Russian people were so happy under the present régime that their only fear was lest it should not continue. He was careful to refrain from mentioning any of the twenty-one conditions (originally eighteen) which Messrs. Lenin and Trotsky seek to impose on their French "Comrades" before allowing them to join the Third International. When these conditions come to be discussed, many of them will be found to be extremely unpalatable to the

majority of the Socialist party; but they are being anticipated.

In the meanwhile, Messrs. Cachin and Frossard are busy trying to throw dust in the eyes of the French public by means of cleverly written articles, the purpose of which is to prove that the great majority of French peasants are in favour of Bolshevism, pure and undiluted. Unfortunately for this theory, in the course



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The ground colour of the ensign is Air-Force blue. In the left-hand top quarter is the Union Jack, and on the right the round R.A.F. identification mark. The occasion illustrated took place on the roof of the Air Ministry in Kingsway, on January 5.—[Photograph by Photopress.]

of the first day's debate several delegates rose up and declared their constituents to be strongly anti-Bolshevist, on the ground that Bolshevism meant the abolition of private ownership, and this they would never agree to.

Here, indeed, lies France's greatest safeguard against Bolshevism, no matter what a hall-full of Socialists may decide. The peasant proprietor is a great force in this country, and what he has earned by honest toil he does not intend to give up for a vague promise of future benefits for himself and

mankind. He may be a simple creature of little or no education, but he has a well-developed sense of personal property, and is difficult to convince.

It will be extremely interesting to see what kind of a fight the Committee of Resistance, consisting chiefly of the late extremist leaders, will put up, and whether they will succeed in justifying their title. One thing is certain, the Socialist party has been rent in half already, and Lenin's telegram "excommunicating" Messrs. Longuet and Blum will make further divisions in the Socialist house, already divided against itself.

This week has seen the production of a play of unusual interest even for Paris, "Le Simoun," by a young dramatist of great promise. M. Lenormand, a writer whose purity of style and command of the French language have won for him the approbation of so competent a judge as M. Robert de Flers, has chosen a curious theme, which he has handled with consummate skill. The scene is laid on the north coast of Africa, which is depicted in a series of beautiful scenes—fourteen in all—the effect of the constant changing being to retard in some measure the action of the play. M. Gémier has scored yet another personal triumph in the part of the hero, Laurency, who is a European working in a small village in the south of Algeria. There he is joined, on the death of his wife in Europe, by his daughter whom he left in infancy. Her strong resemblance to her dead mother wakes passionate memories, and he bitterly resents the advances of a young native who desires her hand in marriage.

"Kitchener House" for officers and ex-officers, which has been so much appreciated for the last two years, has been moved from 34, Grosvenor Place to 59, Sloane Street. Here tuition in languages, bookkeeping, typewriting, shorthand, carpentering, and, indeed, anything which might help ex-officers to obtain employment, can be had free. It is hoped that those who have not already visited the house will take an opportunity to call for particulars.

At Messrs. Armstrong, Whitworth and Company's yard at Newcastle-on-Tyne there was launched recently a new geared turbine steamer intended for the Great Eastern Railway Company's Harwich-Antwerp service. The christening ceremony was performed by Mrs. John Kenneth Foster, who named the vessel *Malines*. The new boat will be divided by water-tight bulkheads into nine water-tight compartments, fitted with Stone Lloyd's mechanically worked water-tight doors, operated from the bridge and controlled by the Captain. She has accommodation, including many single-berth cabins, for over 360 passengers, and is fitted with all modern improvements. The *Malines* is a sister ship of the *Antwerp* and *Bruges*, placed on the service last year, and is expected to be ready for the summer season.

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the problem
"for Mother."*

—the children were continually asking for "pennies for Mackintosh's." Now I bring home weekly one of the popular "family" tins; and how eagerly they look forward to "Mackintosh Day," as they call it. I let them have as much as they like, for I know Mackintosh's Toffee-de-Luxe is made from lots and lots of very good things.

Mackintosh's Toffee-de-Luxe is made in the following varieties: Plain, Peppermint, Treacle, Cocoa, Coconut, or all Assorted. Sold by Confectioners everywhere in 1-lb., 1-lb., and 4-lb. Family Tins, and loose by weight at 9d. per 1/4 lb.

Try also Chocolate Toffee-de-Luxe, sold at 1/- per 1/4 lb.

THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

A Good Light Car.

The weight of the new taxation is naturally turning the thoughts of the motorist towards cars of relatively low horse-power, and consequently light taxation and costs of upkeep. The numerous cars coming within the "eleven-point-nine" class seem to be receiving most attention now—and justly so, because they are, as a rule, very efficient, and in performance are a long way in advance of their nominal rating. Of course, the cars which make up this class vary in merit, though it may be said that I do not know one that I should call bad, or even poor. It is simply that some are better than others. One of which I have had recent experience, the Albert, is certainly to be classed among those which are very good. Thoroughly well designed, built by a firm with many years of engineering experience, and with a real "service" organisation behind it, the Albert is one of those cars which one can purchase without the slightest misgiving. It is, I think, destined to become one of the most popular cars in the class—which is saying a good deal in its favour, because there are so many good ones that the discriminating motorist is at no loss in making his choice. It is a car which one has no hesitation in recommending, not least because the owner is assured that the service organisation at his disposal is second to none. What that means the car-owner who has suffered at the hands of firms possessing no such organisation will be fully able to appreciate.

Light-Car Suspension.

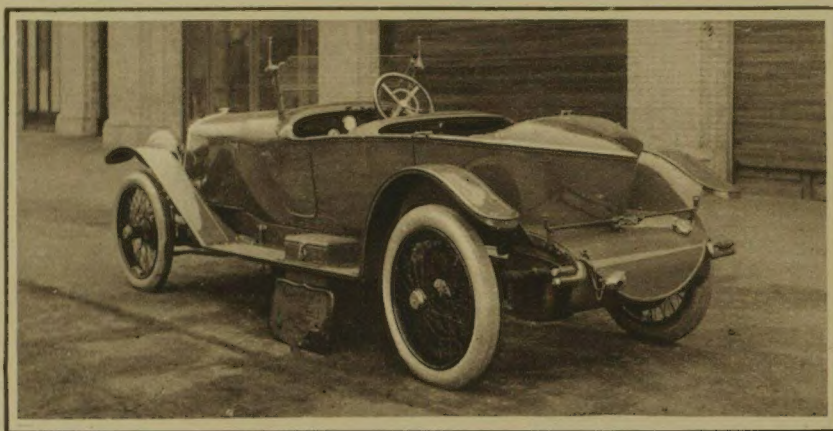
One alleged weakness of light-car design is the springing. There are light cars which are better sprung than some others, but the very lightness of the vehicle itself is against the designer who sets out to give the maximum of comfort on bad roads. My own view is that every light car needs some auxiliary device in addition to the springs themselves; but the difficulty is to decide which of the many such devices offered is the right one. At one time and another I have tested most of them, with varying results, but I have now come to something like a definite conclusion as to their merits. Recently I fitted a set of four Gabriel "snubbers" to my car, and I must say I have never experienced anything like the difference these have made. Roads over which it was impossible to travel at more than twenty miles an hour



BEFORE THE STATUE OF PRESIDENT BRAND AT BLOEMFONTEIN: A 25-30-H.P. R.F.C. CROSSLEY.

Sir Jan Hendrik Brand (1823-88) became President of the late Orange Free State Republic in 1863, and was re-elected four times, in 1869, 1874, 1879, and 1886. He visited England in 1876.

before the "snubbers" were fitted can now be taken with perfect comfort at thirty and over. In fact, the car is a completely different vehicle, and I would not be



AN ADDITION TO A SPORTING MONARCH'S GARAGE: A NEW PANHARD RECENTLY SUPPLIED TO THE KING OF SPAIN.

without them for several times what they cost. Not only is the added comfort almost unbelievable, but it is obvious that the life of the car must be considerably lengthened and the repair bills much lighter. The Gabriel is an American device, which is sold in this country by Messrs. Brown Brothers, of Great Eastern Street, E.C.

"Service."

One reason why the American car has made the headway it has in this country is the service which is given to its owner. Invariably, the manufacturer, if he is not operating his own house on this side, insists upon the firm to whom he grants a concession carrying a complete range of spares for every model imported, and furthermore sees, to the best of his ability, that concessionaires and agents do really give proper service to the purchasers of his cars. Unfortunately, in the case of too many British manufacturers, this quality of "service" has been the last thing to be thought about. Once the car has passed into the hands of a private purchaser, all responsibility for it has seemed to be ignored.

Generally speaking, the British maker has learnt the lesson that if he would hold his market he must give at least the same measure of attention to his customers' cars as is extended by his foreign rival. I know British firms whose service organisation is superior to that of any American of them all. For instance, I broke a front spring on my car a week or two ago, and a telephone message to the works near Oxford brought a new one within six hours. When it was fitted it had more camber than the other, so I thought I had better have another new one to make a pair. The second one was on the car the day after I wrote for it. That is "service" as understood by the Morris-Oxford people.

And Its Absence. *Per contra*, I had a lighting set made by one of the best-known firms in the car-lighting and ignition industry. The other day I had my tail-lamp smashed and went to their London show-rooms for a new one. I was told they could not supply because they had none in stock. I asked if I could get one from the provincial works. "I might," was all the answer vouchsafed. People are crying out about unfair competition from abroad, but what, I ask, is to be expected when such casual methods rule in British trade? Particularly is there talk about the dumping of German magnetos. Not long ago I wanted a cover for a contact-

(Continued overleaf.)

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These first-grade materials were unobtainable during the war times, but are once again used in the "Clincher" factory. The

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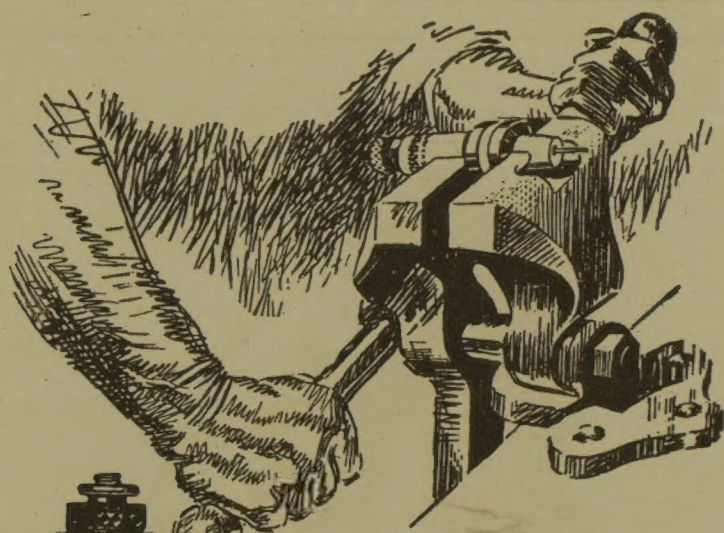
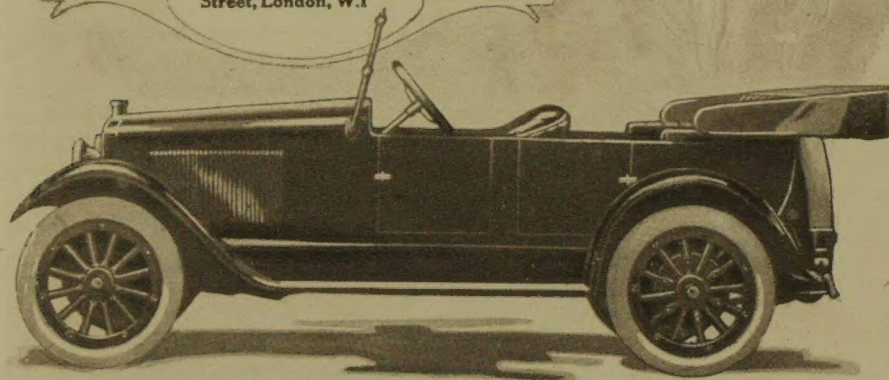
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—if you put it into a vice and exerted upon it a pressure of more than a quarter of a ton.

Yet that's virtually what the insulator on a spark plug must stand. As the explosions within the cylinders increase in rapidity, the pressure is practically continuous—a pressure of $3\frac{1}{2}$ pounds dropping 300 times per minute.

The composition of insulator 3450 and the patented gasket construction of Champion Dependable Spark Plugs enable them to withstand $2\frac{1}{2}$ times the shock that porcelains will endure. That's why Champions never crumble or crack.

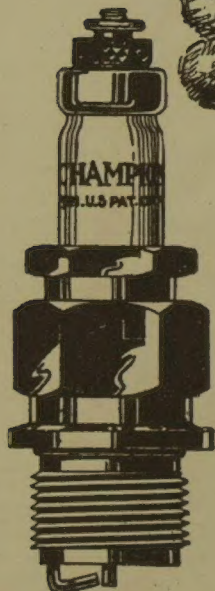
Ask your dealer for the spark plug that is most enduring and dependable—ask for it by name—and see that the name "Champion" appears on the insulator as well as on the container.

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Continued.
breaker of a British magneto. The London branch of the manufacturers had not one, so I wrote to the works. In three days I had a letter telling me they hoped to dispatch the cover "in a few days." Three or four days later I received a *pro forma* invoice for five shillings, remitted the money and received a cover of the wrong pattern and size. Then I wrote certain things and got the right cover by return of post. The Bosch people before the war gave "service," and it was not of the kind I have recounted. The moral is too obvious to need stating.
W. W.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, 15, Essex Street, Strand, W.C.2.

J. T. PALMER (Church).—The Editor, *British Chess Magazine*, 18, Wedderburn Road, London, N.W.3. Subscription: 12s. per annum; or to the Chess Amateur, Stroud, Gloucester. Subscription: 8s. per annum.

Mrs. W. J. BAIRD.—Many thanks for problem. You will see that we have availed ourselves of your contribution.

G. T. CUTREIS (Peckham).—Apply to the Editor, *British Chess Magazine*, who will probably assist you in the matter.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3850 received from Léon Ryłski (Belfast), E. J. Gibbs (East Ham), P. W. Hunt (Bridgwater) and R. J. Lonsdale (New Brighton).

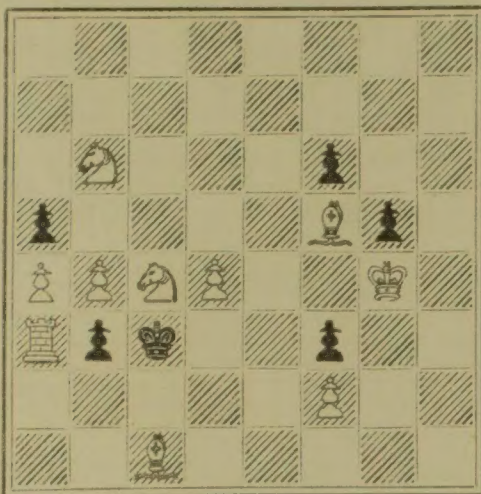
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3851 received from A. W. Hamilton-Gell (Exeter), H. Grasset Baldwin (Farnham), Stuart Downs (Huyton), J. S. Forbes (Brighton), George Kendall (Leeds), H. W. Satow (Bangor), G. Stillingfleet Johnson (Seaford), Charles H. West (Bristol) and Léon Ryłski (Belfast).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3850.—By AHMAD MIRZA.

- | | |
|----------------|----------|
| WHITE | BLACK |
| 1. B to B 6th | Any move |
| 2. Kt to Q 4th | do. |
| 3. Q mates. | |

PROBLEM No. 3852.—By Mrs. W. J. BAIRD.

BLACK.



WHITE

White to play, and mate in two moves.

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ARTILLERYMEN will welcome a fine reproduction in colour of Mr. Gilbert Holiday's well-known picture, "The Last Post," showing massed trumpeters on the steps of St. Paul's at the memorial service for the gallant dead of the Royal Regiment of Artillery. There was a wide demand from all ranks of the regiment for a permanent record of that moving scene. This beautiful colour-plate, printed by Messrs. Hudson and Kearns, and published by Mr. A. E. Johnson, 3, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W.C.2, will worthily fulfil its purpose. It is identical in size (16½ in. by 13½ in.) with the original picture, and has wide margins, ready for framing. The price is one guinea per copy, post free, and a few artist's proofs are available at two guineas. The number of copies printed is limited, so early application is advisable.

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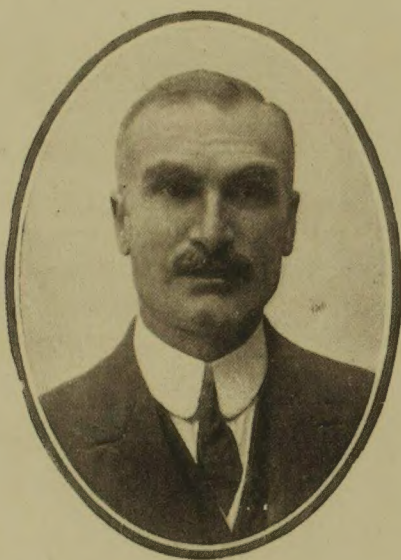
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S. F. Edge

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